

# ERRORS and their CONSEQUENCES,

OR,

*Memoirs of an English Family.*

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## CHAPTER I.

**T**HE accounts of Master Mortimer's health had been such for the last three weeks, as to keep Mrs. Walwyn in continual alarm; but whenever she proposed leaving Bath to go into Devonshire, Mary was in strong hysterics, and declared that she would not, in her very delicate health, sacrifice her life, for the chance of saving Mortimer's. That it must, after all, be a mere chance; as if physicians could not save him, she did not see how his own family could be of any use to him. At length an express arrived from Dawlish, to say that the only hope of saving his life rested on the immediate care and attendance of his mother; his nerves being in such an irritable

state, that the least contradiction increased his fever to an alarming height, and he could not be prevailed on to take any of the medicines necessary to assuage it. He had conceived such a dislike to all his attendants, that it became impossible to manage him. He was always crying for Mrs. Walwyn, and saying that she had left him to die.

According to the rules laid down amongst people of a certain rank in life, by that despotic sovereign etiquette, Mary could not now have any hope either of going into company or receiving her lover (who had not yet declared himself) at home. She had, therefore, no longer any motive for opposing their removal to Dawlish; her only consolation was, that being a public place, there was no obstacle to prevent Lord Bredwell following her.

They proceeded on their journey into Devonshire a few hours after the arrival of the express. Mrs. Walwyn's mind distracted between the dread of losing the income which she derived from her son, by his death, and the hope which she could not help cherishing, that

her daughter's marriage might be deferred for another year or two, if this sudden separation did not put it off entirely. Though the young peer had not made formal proposals of marriage, it was plainly to be perceived by more discerning eyes than Mary's, that he was much enamoured, and he would have followed her into Devonshire, only that his mother persuaded him not. He said that he was certain that Miss Walwyn was very much in love with him, and to make ~~her~~ mind easy, would fain have written at least to promise eternal faith; but Lady Bredwell maintained, that as he could not conveniently marry till he was of age, there was no use in entangling himself in a formal engagement; and that it was most probable Miss Walwyn would never think of any one else as a lover till he returned. He seemed convinced that this must be true, and as his visit to the Grecian Isles drew near, he had constant occupation, in talking of it.

On their arrival at Dawlish they found Mortimer even worse than they expected. A wayward child, refusing every thing that could

assuage its sufferings, is no pleasing picture to draw, we shall therefore content ourselves with giving our readers an extract from the newspapers.

“ Died, on Monday last, at Dawlish, where he went for the recovery of his health, Master Mortimer Walwyn, of ——shire. The immense estates which he inherited being strictly entailed on the heirs male, are not to descend to his sisters, (of whom the deceased had three,) but pass over to a very distant relation, of the name of Howard, whose father had taken that name, instead of Walwyn, on inheriting a small estate, in right of his mother, Dorothea Howard, sole surviving child of Mary Hurst and Thomas Howard, of ——, in ——shire.”

Mary and Ellen were both shocked, as young people generally are, the first time they know, in the persons of their companions, what death is, but both turned away their thoughts from the contemplation of it as speedily as possible; Mary to think of the pains of absent lovers, and Ellen to read *Montesquieu's Esprit des loix*, which she did with as



great attention, as if she had been sent into the world as a general law-giver, and was preparing herself for so arduous a task, with the utmost conscientiousness. As soon as circumstances would admit, Mrs. Walwyn returned to Bath, and arrived just in time to hear that Dr. Blount and his pupil had set out for Portsmouth, to take shipping for Sicily.

Mary now knew that a tedious year must pass before she could know her fate. Whenever a feeling of justifiable pride arose, to make her wish to resent Lord Bredwell's having left England without even expressing regret at parting from her, she repressed it, and made some foolish excuse in her own mind for his neglect; her hopes being too much bent on the rank of Countess, to harbour any feeling long in contradiction to so favorite a wish.

Emma had never been long enough in the house with her brother, to know much of him; and whenever she did see him, she could not help thinking him the most disagreeable little boy in the world; but when she heard of his

death, she thought herself the most hard-hearted creature possible, because her own feelings did not come up to her idea of the grief, which she ought to feel at the death of so near a relation. Had Emma been a child of sorrow, she would have put up a prayer of thankfulness, that such a knot in virtue's ties could be cut, and her heart not be made to bleed, nay almost break under the separation; but hitherto she had been one of Nature and of Fortune's darlings. Endowed with a sensibility that gave a charm to every thing she said or did, that sensibility had never been called into action, except when the efforts she could make were not equal to relieving the distresses which she saw amongst the poor cottagers, who she was in the habit of visiting.

As long as their distresses were pecuniary, or their sickness only required the alleviation of food or medicine, the liberality of her aunt did not leave her with a wish ungratified. When this was not the case, and that death would enter, she mourned for the sufferings of

those that were deprived of their relations, with such bitter tears that her aunt often put up an earnest prayer, that sensibility so acute might never have to mourn such misfortunes as she herself had sustained.

Emma recollected the grief she had felt by reverberation, for the death of a little boy the same age as Mortimer, whose sister had pined so much at his loss, that it was with difficulty her life had been saved; and could not help wondering, when she remembered the agitation with which she had heard that this little cottager could not live, and compared it with what she thought the guilty apathy with which she heard of her own brother's death.

As soon as Mrs. Mordaunt heard of Mrs. Walwyn's return to Rosy Park, she thought it right to hasten her visit. She found her sister-in-law in unfeigned distress; but it was the loss of income, not the death of her child, that made her wretched. Her only refuge in the first paroxysm of her grief was laying down plans for retrenchment, to which, when they were proposed, her daughter Mary would

not submit. She said their style of living must be kept up to what it had been, till the return of Lord Bredwell—he should not find them living like *paupers* when he came back. Mrs. Walwyn had then recourse to tears, and though since her husband's death she had saved a sum of money, which her covetousness had cribbed from her vanity, that would have made up for the defalcation in her income, for three years at least; she talked of a jail, and all its horrors, till Mary was so nervous, that she promised, when she came of age, to make up for the expenses of that year, being continued the same as if Mortimer was still living.

The meeting between Ellen and Emma was pleasant to them both. Ellen thought her sister the loveliest creature she had ever beheld. Accustomed as she was to hear Mary cried up as a beauty by her mother, and seeing her so vacant in mind, and so entirely occupied about herself, she could hardly believe it possible, that with such distinguished beauty Emma could be so intelligent, so delight-

ful a companion. As she was now past the age for Mrs. Mordaunt to fear that she would be spoiled, by contracting any thing of the independent fearlessness of Ellen's manners, or that her ideas of the duty of a child to its parent could be shaken by observing the latitude which her sister allowed herself, in speaking of her mother's faults, she indulged them in being as much together as they wished.

Emma's good sense was such as to make her a suitable companion to a person of the most enlightened understanding ; and had the mental powers of the two sisters been accurately weighed, it would have been found that Emma was only light in the balance, where great powers of comprehension, love of metaphysical inquiry, or the consideration of abstract questions were concerned. The good taste which had been cultivated by so much reading in Ellen, Emma seemed to have intuitively. Every acquirement appeared in her as if it had not cost her any trouble, and as if she did not pride herself in the least on the excellence to which she had attained. On a first acquaint-

ance she did not seem a prodigy in any thing, except perhaps in beauty ; but the more she was known, the more she appeared to advantage.

No one would have said, on hearing her converse, that she was learned ; but she never appeared ignorant on any subject : her conversation had great variety in it ; and the value of every opinion she gave, seemed to be enhanced by a graceful sweetness of manner, which Ellen used with the utmost frankness to acknowledge, she felt was quite out of her reach.

## CHAPTER II.

**T**HE first fine evening after Mrs. Mor-daunt's arrival at Rosy Park, as she was walking with Emma, they met Pat, looking very unhappy.

“ Good luck to you, my lady,” says he ;  
“ I m very proud to see your Honor again,  
and that genteel little cratur, your daughter,  
I hope she s pretty well : she's finely grown,  
God bless her.”

Emma asked him how he had been since she ~~saw~~ him last.

He replied, “ Troth, honey, myself has not been at all hearty, nor don't think I ever will.

Sure, I've had a great heart scald, and a power of trouble besides, with Jack, who has been very poorly, the cratur, and mighty positive like, and down-hearted. Bad luck to them that unsettled the mind of a poor innocent gossoon."

'Well, but Pat,' said Mrs. Mordaunt, 'you must not talk of any thing melancholy. I want you to tell me something about your own country.'

"With a thousand welcomes I'll do that same; and sure that little young lady, God be good to her, is mighty like an Irish lady, so she is, and puts me in mind of the one that lived up at the big house,\* convanent to

\* As there are no poor laws in Ireland, the poor, in consequence, are much more dependent on the rich, than they are in England, where they have a right to apply to the parish for relief. This generally brings about a great deal of intercourse between the poor and the inhabitants of the next gentleman's house in their neighbourhood, which is always called by them the big house.

To go up to the big-house is the constant resource in all cases of sickness or distress. They think it a more modest way of making known that they want to speak to the master or mistress of the house, to go to the back entrance, where they are likely to see the servants, without rapping or ringing, than by coming to the hall door.



the town land, where I was bred and born, my lady."

'What do you mean by the big house. Was there only one in the country?'

"Now see that, how I forgot, while I was talking to ye'z, that I was not in my own country. Well, now, do you see that house, my Lady, forenenst you? (pointing to the house at Rosy Park.) Well, that same, if it was in my country, would be called the big house, and there would be broken bread, and meat, and pratees given to the ould, and the cripple, and the childer, at the back door; and every living soul that had the wife poorly, or the childer lying down with them, or were in any sort of trouble, would go up there, and ye'd be sure to see the Mistress her ownself, or else one of the little ladies would come and give you the best of good medicines and plaisters; and troth, there's luck with whatever they give that is not with the doctor; but in this country, God be good to us, it's the little house that's the big-house."

'How do you mean?' said Mrs. Merdaunt.

“ Why, my Lady, that little house that you see there, (pointing to the Curate’s,) well, there is’nt a big house in Ireland, or on the floor of God’s creation, where a christian is more heartily welcome to the bit or sup, than in that same. Good luck to the owner, I say, Amen. It’s he that’s the real clargy; and though there’s not a back-door, and myself thinks that same is a pity; yet no christian cratur ever left it without something to comfort him, soul and body, on his way.”

‘ What do you mean by a back door? I do not understand you?’

“ Oh, sure, that’s because I hav’nt the wit to incinse your Honor. It is’nt but what there’s as many doors to a house; but there is’nt the back door for all that. But if I had one of the leedies from a real big house, and I was to say, long life to your Honor, there s a poor cratur at the back-door, it’s she that would understand me fast enough, I’ll be bail; and she’d go, and she’d say, ~~What~~ what do you want my poor man? what’s the matter with your leg? Stay there, and I’ll get you a plaister

for it, says she, and speak so tinder, and considerate like, that it would do your heart good to hear her; and its little she'd think of dressing a sore with her own two hands, and they as white as the driven snow. Why, they talk of the poor laws in this country; and, to be sure, there's some that's greatly the better fore them. There's lame Jack, he has half-a-crown a week, and he with the blind old mother has three shillings, and lives in their own houses, quite and asy; but as for them as is put up in the poor-houses, myself often heard that there's a plenty of peas and bran to be had, and little else besides, and more than that, the welcome is wanting."

'Do not believe such a thing,' said Mrs. Mordaunt. 'I myself can answer for a great many alms-houses, where this is not the case.'

"Well, well, my Lady, you know best; but the devil a good it would ever do me, the lucre that came out of an overseer's hand: and I'd lie down and die in the back of a ditch, so I would before I'd say thank you, to such a set of negers; and whenever I

gets a drap that warms my heart ever so little; I'm all for setting off for my own country, where the poor are not obliged to be beholden to such a parcel of hard-hearted spalpeens; but when I'm sinsible again, I say to myself, Ach, why the devil would I fear the likes of them, so long as I live near the best of good clargy; and, indeed, a liking I have to Jack, on account of the mother that bore him, makes me keep on in this country, not to say any thing of the ould woman's bones, God rest her soul."

'It would be a long journey for you to undertake,' said Emma, 'to go to your own country, and at your age too.'

"I am not so old by a deal, as you think me, my Lady; and I'll be bail, when I go back, there's many a one that will call me the boy still. But I'm not at all surprized for the likes of you has no notion of how time rides rough-shod over a poor body's face; aye, that he does, and every nail, in his brogue's as big as my two thumbs, and every one of them leaving its own particular mark;

and sure, the worst day's work I ever done was all entirely owing to my looking too ould, so it was."

' I am very sorry I put you in mind of it,' said Emma; ' but if it is not disagreeable to you, I should like to hear the whole story, if you would tell it to me,'

" With the greatest of pleasures, my Lady. Well, it's many a long day that I had not seen my foster brother, and he as good a gentleman as ever trod the floor of God's creation. My sister Judy, indeed, had sent it me in a letter, a few days before, that he had married a lady in London, with a power of money. Well, one day, when I was working asy at the side of the road, as it might be this evening, what did I see, but an iligant ehay, with four as cliver horses as you'd wish to clap your two eyes on of a summer's day. Well, all of a sudden, down it came, and turned over fairly into a bit of a gripe, and no blame to it, for the devil a lynch-pin as was in the wheel, but what was fairly out; so what would you have of it; but I

went to help them as was inside on their legs again, when I thought the sight would have fairly left my eyes, and my heart thumped against my ribs like a flail, for by the hoky, there he was himself, my own foster brother. ‘ Ah, heaven bless you, Master,’ said I, ‘ where are you going ?’ “ Not far at present,” says he, for he was always mighty ready from a child, as I hear my mother say ; “ Oh, Barny my man,” said he, “ is that you ?” and I helping him all the time out of the chay. So when I had got him fairly out, I see a little bundle of a female like, and she screeching at the bottom of the chay, which was the top, as if for the bare life. ‘ Is that a child of your Honor’s that’s in it ?’ says I. “ Hush, Barny,” says he, “ its my wife ;” and I thought there was no great pride in his face, any how. But, oh marcy, when we lifted her out of the chay ; you never see’d such a little wizzened, pock-frecked fairy in your life. But howsoever, as she was his honor’s wife, I handled her with the greatest of tinderness, and carried her in my two arms to the road side : ‘ ah, see

if you can stand, my lady,' says I. Devil a bit as she could put a fut under her; but stood for all the world, as badly on one leg as a broken ould chair upon three; and no blame to her for that same, since every living creature has its own particular number of legs to stand on. A goose will stand you till doomsday upon one, and a three-legged stool, or a threc-legged pot, as cleverly as you please, on three, while there is no sinse at all in a bed, or a chair, or a horse, that has less than four. But, to go on with my story, seeing them all busy about getting up the chay, I sets up a philaloo, and says I. 'run some of ye'z, for the bare life, for a doctor, for the mistress's leg, is smashed all to pieces.' So his honor came forward, taking it mighty asy, as I thought, with a bit of a switch in his hand, with a sort of a handle to it, crutch fashion. and she took it from him, looking no way agreeable, and hitched it under her arm, so when I saw that she stood ready enough then, says I to myself, in Irish, (afraid of giving no offence,) 'my soul to the devil, but she's a

cripple!" which is a saying we have. "Who is this feller," said she, (and I that never took an axe in my hand in my life,) to the master, who took no heed to her at all, at all. "Who am I?" says I, "why a'ant I the man that helped you up, when you were down?" "I heard my husband call you Barny," says she. "Ach, what else would you have him call me," says I; "sure you would not have his honor run after the people here, and call me Pat?" "Och, you are Irish, then," said she. "What other would you have me," says I. So with that she began to screech, as if the knife was in her, "Murder, murder," says she, "I shall have my throat cut." "Ach, who would lay a finger on you," says I, "that could help it? Have an eye to the little crutch," says I, "or you'll be down;" and she trembling all over like a leaf, with passion. "Murder, murder," says she; so down she sossed. So I called out to the master. "Sir," says I, "your lady is down," says I, (and a sorrowful day 't was to me to be calling such a little blasted wonder his lady,) "and she's crying out murder, and I



durstn't lay a finger on her; for the laws are  
 so mighty comical in this country, that may be a  
 body might mistake my meaning entirely,  
 (God save us and keep us from all harm,) and  
 have me off to jail in a jiffy. "Never mind  
 her," says he, "I'll go to her presently;" and  
 there was a sort of a laugh on his face; but I  
 did not like it, for all that. 'Ach, what is she,  
 your Honor?' says I, 'for I never see'd her  
 match.' "She's a cockney," says he. 'Oh,  
 murder!' says I, for the heart sunk within  
 me. 'I hope not so bad as that neither; I  
 hope it's only bandy she is.' So, then, his  
 Honor laughed outright; and I was glad to  
 see him like himself again. Well, he went up  
 to her. "What's the matter with you, my  
 dear," said he, 'Och, you wicked man,' says  
 she, 'you left me with this Irishman, that  
 he might murder me.' "You are quite  
 mistaken," said he, "for this is my foster  
 brother." 'And what's that?' said she.  
 "Arrah, is she a natural?" was just on the  
 end of my tongue, but wishing to give no  
 offence, I said, 'did you never see one before,

my lady ; then I'll tell you what it is, and there is not a safer thing you could come across. My foster brother is the self same gentleman that sucks my milk, that is, not *my* milk, but my mother's milk, which would have been mine if I had got it; and if it had not **been** for the luck of the fosterage, I would have got it sure enough.' " And how old are you," said she. " Fifty-three years last Candlemas, and not a day more or less; and then it was I saw in his Honor's face that I had put my fut in it.' " You deceived me, you barbarous man," said she in a burning rage; " you told me you were but thirty-three, and now I find you are as old as that grey-headed wretch, (aye, indeed, my lady, that was the very word) who might be my grandfather, so that you are old enough to be my grandfather too." ' Och, be easy,' says I, sure its the ould and the ugly all over the world that's the crossest, as his Honor may know by his own grandmother, who was as cross as you please; but then, she was a real gentlewoman bred and born; for I hit her

that dab because she was making his honor so shame-faced, and I had heard as much from Judy as that she was ~~not~~ come of the real gentry : but the devil a bit of good has it done her, for what did she do.' " But," says she, " I dare say you are as grey as a badger," and saying that, she up, and she caught the cursed little crutch in a handsome wig, that made him look like a boy; and there his poor Honor stood with his bare head in the sun, just for all the world looking as if there was a little hoar-frost on it. I guess it was about two days since the razor was over it. So while she was choaking with passion, I said that I was a young man still, and that it was entirely owing to who got the milk that made the differ : and just at that moment, and before his Honor and I could well gather up the wig, up comes the carriage, all set to rights, and if I was to live a hundred years I'd never forget how I felt; you might have fairly tied me with a straw, when I saw his Honor drive off, with never a smile on his face, and slipping a crown into my cobbeen to drink his health. But the

drink I got with it did'nt do me a ha-purth of good, but lay on my stomach like so much cold water: and from that day to this I have never told my age to any living soul, good or bad, nor never will, please God.' " And have you never seen your foster brother since?" said Emma. 'Sorrow a bit as I ever laid my two eyes on him since, only the very next day; for hearing they stopped at the inn, what did I do but I went to the barber's by screech of day, and Jack, says I, shave me, both head and face, as smooth as the palm of my hand,' says I. "What will you do for a wig," says he, "for the one on your head is no good;" says he "Will I lend you one;" so with that he took something out of a drawer, and it looking all the time like a bit of a mop; so, thought I to myself, he's going to make a short job of it, and lather my head and face with it.' "It's a Welsh wig," said he. 'It's not worth a rush,' says I, 'in the way of a wig;' but when I was clane shaved, he put it on me, and I found there was more sinse in it than I

thought : it sat brave and close, and the devil a bit as the mother that bore me would have known her own son, I looked so refreshed like. So I went home, and I put on the clane shirt, and says I to a slip of a gossoon that was putting hinges to a barn door, I'd give a whole thirteen.' "What's that?" says he. 'The best of good shillings,' says I, 'if you'll help me to fix that door, so that I'll dance a hornpipe forenenst the Inn,' which was the Three Horse Shoes; for I was fixed in myself that I'd put it out of her head that I was so ould. Well, no sooner did the blind fiddler I brought with me lilt up a tune, than they both came to the window, sure enough; and I put my hat a one side, and a bit of a switch in my hand, and I gave them as pretty a hornpipe as you'd wish to see of a summer's day; for though I was a little stiff at the first, yet when I found my foot on the door,\* I thought of the sod, and it seemed to loosen every joint in my body;

\* It is a common custom in Ireland to take a large barn door off the hinges, and fix it so as to allow of a hornpipe being danced on it: they prop it at each end, so as to give the dancer the benefit of the spring in the boards.

and never do you believe me, my lady, if ever I cut over the buckle better, since the day I first learned to rise upon Soogan, and sink upon Gad.’

“ Oh! dear me, what is that?” said Emma;

“ I begin not to understand you now.” ‘ Ach, then, did your little Ladyship never learn to dance yourself,’ said Pat; ‘ if you did, you must know the very great occasion there is to mark one leg from the other, or how would we ever tell the differ? So what does the master do, but he whips a bit of a straw rope round one leg, and he teaching us all together in the barn: so then, the minute the word was given to sink upon Soogan, and rise upon Gad, we had nothing to do but to look down at the rope of straw, and see which leg it was on, and down we sunk upon Soogan, and up upon Gad, quite clever.’ Mrs. Mordaunt was going away, after having given a compensation to Pat, proportioned to the length of his story, when he said, ‘ My Lady, I hear that poor little dawnsy body, they called the young Squire, died lately in foreign parts. Arrah, what harm, said I, when I heard he was de-

parted ; what good could ever come of the likes of him.' Ellen and Emma both stole away, the first from fearing that she should laugh, and the latter hating herself for not crying. ' Never believe me, then,' continued Pat, ' if it was Doctor's business at all at all ; it was nothing in the whole varsal world but overlooked he was by the good people ;\* and if he had been in the sweet county of Meath, (that's the place I come from, my Lady,) its Molly Flanagan that would have fixed him entirely at once, by a charm she had.' " He was brother to those two young ladies," said Mrs. Mordaunt. Pat begged a thousand pardons, and hoped no offence, ' Sure now that God had taken him to himself, it was all the better that they should know what a poor, half-starved, crimpy little body he was, just what in my country, they would not turn out of a field of beans.'

At the moment that Mrs. Mordaunt had turned from the Irishman, she was accosted with great cordiality, by a young man whom she

\* Fairies.

did not immediately recognize as Henry Howard; his face and hands were so embrowned by the burning sun that shines on Gallia's lazy sons, that she could hardly believe that it was the same blooming face which she had admired so much at Lady Bredwell's ball. "Here am I," said he, "after having been seeking 'the bubble reputation e'en in the cannon's mouth,' not known by my earliest friend, and passed by (without her even looking towards me) by the most beautiful creature in the world. I did not think that your niece could be more lovely than when a child, but now I have quite changed my opinion. I know you will never let me have her, but you may let me look at her at least." "Emma is quite a child still in my opinion," said Mrs. Mordaunt; "but I do not advise you in another year to think any more of her." They then walked toward the house: "Why do not you wish me joy?" said Henry, "though now I recollect the post is not come in yet, so you cannot have seen the Gazette; I brought home glorious dispatches, and am now a Major



‘What a very lucky creature you have been,’ said Mrs. Mordaunt, ‘to get your Majority at such an early age.’

“Why so I thought, till I found I was to return in such haste, that I could not see the smile that would light up the face of my poor mother, when she heard of my promotion. However, if I do not see the smile, I shall not witness the tear that would dim her eye at parting. Hang it, a widow’s son should never run the risk of her happiness for any consideration on earth. I am afraid we are all very inconsistent beings; for at the same time that I feel it agony to know that one heart would break at my death, I should like, of all things, to excite a little interest in another. But do not be afraid of me, I can have but a glimpse of your Emma; I have only stolen from the inn while they change horses, and must not remain longer than till they are put to.”

At this moment Emma came running, with the papers in her hand, to her aunt, saying, “There is great news to-day; but the best

part of it is, that my pleasant partner, Captain Howard, fights as well as he dances, and gets such praise; are you not very glad of this? for I am." Emma then perceived her aunt was followed in the path by a young man, whom she did not know in the least. When she was told that the bronzed figure that stood before her, was her partner at Lady Bredwell's ball, she looked surprised, and said, "she was ashamed that she had not known him at first." She then entered into conversation with him, without any embarrassment, and Henry saw with surprise that her aunt was quite right, for that, though greatly grown, she had still the appearance of a child. "Do not I travel in great style?" said he, as a barouche and four drove up to the door, with his servant in it; "but, alas! it is not my own equipage; I am taking it over to my present master, who likes to have two carriages, that he may accommodate any of us poor fellows, when we are wounded."

Emma changed colour at the idea of such a dreadful preparation; and Ellen, who had

just been introduced to Henry, said, ‘ I am glad to hear you have changed your master. I can give you every information you could wish of your old one, having seen him a short time ago at Bath.’

“ Then pray tell me,” said Henry, “ how he goes on, and how he behaves on the shelf.”

‘ Why like himself,’ said Ellen, ‘ and not like any body else that I have ever seen. He is now as anxiously employed marshalling his chairs for an evening tea-party, and as desirous that the bread and butter should be cut with mathematical exactness, and the candles snuffed at an angle of forty-five, as he could ever have been at storming a redoubt,\* or driving in the enemy’s picquets.’

“ I am glad to find so young a lady,” replied Henry, “ so well acquainted with the terms of our art.”

‘ The war in Spain is so interesting,’ said Ellen, ‘ that it is impossible not to become familiar with the terms of war. I read all the newspaper accounts quite through, not like Emma, who says, she always begins with

General \*\*\*\*\*'s obligations to his personal staff, and ends there.'

"Because I know no one in the army," said Emma, in her own defence, "but Captain Howard, and I am sure of finding his name amongst the personal staff; and I am always glad when I see it, on account of that pleasant dance we had at Lady Bredwell's, when, I am sure, no one else would have danced with such a little girl."

Emma was not in love, or she could not have spoken in so unembarrassed a manner. Henry was (he whispered to Mrs. Mordaunt) a lost man; and adding, that he ought to have been on the road to Falmouth an hour ago, he took a hasty leave. Emma gave him her hand with a frank cordiality that delighted him, but which shewed to the more clear-sighted Mrs. Mordaunt, that as yet there was no danger of Emma's heart having been taken by a red coat.

## CHAPTER III.

**A** Few days after Emma and her Aunt had left Rosy Park, Mrs. Walwyn received a letter, informing her of Mrs. Sterling being so ill, that her husband was obliged to put off his return to the country, and to take her to the sea-side; making a request at the same time, that as Ellen's letters were always a great amusement to her, that she might continue to write.

Mrs. Walwyn, who never lost an opportunity of mortifying her daughter, said, on coming to that part of the letter, "Yes, I always thought that Mrs. Sterling was the

person who wished for such letters; they must appear wretched trash to a person of her husband's sense."

'Mrs. Sterling could not be amused with wretched trash,' said Ellen. 'She is accustomed to her husband's conversation, which would alone be sufficient to improve any woman's taste.'

From the moment that Mrs. Walwyn had heard that Mrs. Sterling's complaint was one that might terminate fatally, she began to think how she might turn the event to the greatest advantage to herself. Her income had been greatly lessened by the death of her son; and Mary had only promised to make up for the deficiency for one year; if at the end of that time she married Lord Bredwell, there would be a frightful reduction, and she saw no means to make up for such losses, but by marrying Mr. Sterling herself.

The anxious inquiries that from this time she made every week, might have been answered for some time by poor patient Mrs. Sterling, as the sick ass answered the lion,

that was so constant in its enquiries, “a great deal better than you desire.”

Mrs. Walwyn had not a doubt on her own mind that Mr. Sterling admired her in proportion to the attention he paid to every thing which she said. His fortune would compensate, more than five times told, for the lamented losses in her income; and long before her husband thought her in any danger, Mrs. Walwyn had, in her own mind, killed and buried the innocent Mrs. Sterling, and was, in idea, throwing out soft languishments to console the widower.

When death did put an end to Mrs. Sterling’s life, no one was so clamorous in their grief as Mrs. Walwyn; “she was sure her poor husband never would recover such a blow.”

A man of his sense could not be satisfied with an *every day wife*; and she was certain that if he ever married again, it would be some very *superior woman*. “You may depend, on it,” she used to say, whenever any one spoke of her death, “that when Mr. Sterling mar-

ries again, that he will choose a very *superior* woman indeed."

' Why has he already determined on marrying again?' said a lady to her one day, when she heard her say this.

" No," said Mrs. Walwyn ; " but I look upon that as a thing of course with his fine fortune."

' His age,' the lady replied, ' I should think would make him rather cautious, how he trusts the happiness of the remainder of his life in the hands of a stranger. He will not find it easy to meet with a woman so devoted to him as his last wife.'

" I do not see that," said Mrs. Walwyn, (taken quite off her guard, and feeling as if all that had been said had been personal,) " I don't see any necessity for his marrying a stranger; nor do I see why his second choice may not do him much greater credit than his first." She coloured so much, and looked so angry, that the lady, who was a woman not quite without penetration, immediately saw that she had fixed



on herself as the fittest second choice that Mr. Sterling could make.

We must now leave Mrs. Walwyn to betray herself to every clear-sighted person, to whom she spoke on the subject of her friend's death, and to determine how she could set herself off to the greatest advantage; while we give some account of Mr. Sterling, who, though he did not pray for death, nor declare that the whole creation was now a blank to him, felt that his happiness was considerably diminished.

It was in vain now that the world appeared to applaud, or that his spirits rose in the company of the enlightened and the witty. When he returned to his home, instead of finding a cordial and admiring friend, with whom he could lengthen out the pleasure of the evening, by fighting his battles in argument over again, or in conversation with whom his spirits could subside into placid tranquillity, all was as still as death.

With such feelings, it was not unnatural to think that (though fast approaching his grand climacteric) Mr. Sterling might be tempted

to choose another companion ; but we leave it to the judgment of the reader to determine whether there is any likelihood of his making choice of Mrs. Walwyn.

That she herself should be deceived by the kind of attention he paid her, was not surprising. Aware of the weakness of her understanding, her great vanity, and unconsciousness of her own faults, there was no ironical praise that he could not venture to bestow, nor which she did not set down to his unfeigned admiration of her.

To return to a place which must now be so desolate to one of his sociable feelings, required an effort. About eight months after the death of his wife, he determined to make that effort, and get the better of the dread he had of revisiting scenes, that recalled to his mind how much of the comfort of his life he had lost. Soon after his return, he rode over to Rosy Park, where, to his great surprize, he found Mrs. Walwyn in quite a new mood, and evidently trying to appear a victim to grief. At first he felt inclined to ask what was the

matter, quite unconscious that the lady was weeping for his own sorrows, which he came out purposely to forget. He endeavoured to give another turn to the conversation, but in vain; Mrs. Walwyn never ceased her lamentations, till every thing was said, which she had beforehand determined to say, to prove how deeply she had felt his misfortune.

As soon as he could be heard, he enquired how his pupil went on. "How good of you," she cried, "to think of my sorrows, as a mother, while your own misery, in losing such a wife, must be so fresh in your memory."

'I hope nothing has happened to Ellen,' said Mr. Sterling.

"I am always obliged to your kindness," rejoined Mrs. Walwyn; "she is just what she always was."

'That is to say,' said Mr. Sterling, interrupting her, 'the complete reverse of her mother.'

"You are too partial to me, and too good to such a disagreeable relation. I am so far indebted to your kindness, that she is always

so fully employed in reading the excellent books that you have lent her, that I am little tormented with her company; but when I see her, she is just as disagreeable as ever. But Ellen is very weak, my dear Sir, with a great wish to pass for a learned lady; and of that I am certain you must disapprove, with your excellent taste."

'And how is the lovely Emma, is she as'—

"Oh, I know what you would say," said Mrs. Walwyn, looking very conscious; "she is indeed reckoned as like me as ever; but you know there is such a difference in our ages."

'Yes,' replied Mr. Sterling, 'but that one expects, some how or other, between a mother and a daughter. Now you must tell me how Miss Walwyn is? I did hear that she was going to be married to Lord Bredwell;'

"I do not know how that matter will be," replied Mrs. Walwyn, "his Lordship was very pointed in his attentions; but you know that when my dear child was in his last illness, we were obliged to go off in great haste to Devonshire; and before we returned, his Lordship had left Bath."

Just at that moment Ellen came into the room, delighted to see Mr. Sterling, and wisely judging it was better not to remind him of a loss, of which he did not seem at that moment to be thinking, she therefore talked of every thing she thought would amuse him. Mrs. Walwyn thought she had never seen Ellen look so well, and felt provoked at it. It could hardly be supposed that she was jealous, because the youth of her daughter, and Mr. Sterling's age, would have made that ridiculous ; but Rochefoucault truly says, that "*La vraisemblance n'est pas toujours du côté de la vérité.*" Mrs. Walwyn made some excuse for sending her daughter out of the room, and then turning to Mr. Sterling, said, "What insensibility ! was there ever such an unfeeling poor thing as that is ? Who but herself could have received such kindness as she has done, from our dear departed friend, and not have shewn the least sorrow at her death ?"

‘ I never thought my pupil famous for sensibility.’

“ No, that I am sure you did not,” said Mrs. Walwyn, with much satisfaction ; “ you have too much judgment.”

‘ I do not want, however, to disparage my young friend either ; I never quarrel with the tulip for not being the rose.’

Mrs. Walwyn looked down. Mr. Sterling continued, without perceiving her having applied what he said to herself, ‘ on the contrary, I like to see them both in the same *parterre*; and when shall we see the little rose ? when do you expect Mrs. Mordaunt ?’

Mrs. Walwyn coloured deeply when she found her mistake, and answered that she could not exactly tell.

Nothing could be more foreign from Mr. Sterling’s intentions than marrying either Mrs. Walwyn, or her daughter ; for the former he should have to blush every time she opened her lips, if she was his wife ; and, at that time, at least, he thought he should have to blush for himself, every time he introduced so young a wife to his friends.

Matrimony had never occupied Ellen's attention in the least. She had always been in the habit of considering Mr. Sterling as a pleasant friend and relation, whose talents she admired, and not as a husband. When she heard of his wife's death, she looked on it as a misfortune to herself, for that in consequence of it, she should not be half so much in his company. In this, however, she was mistaken, as her mother invited him more frequently than ever to Rosy Park, where he was always glad to come from his own solitary home.

He was the last person who observed what very high favour he was in with his *belle princesse*, whom he was just as ready to rally and turn into ridicule as ever.

While she was endeavouring to make it appear that she was deeply enamoured, she did not know how to understand his behaviour. It was true, he said as many fine things to her as when he was bound by marriage vows; but still he did not make any declaration; and even spoke sometimes as if he should never marry.

again, and wished it to be understood that he never should. Money being always uppermost in her mind, she thought that, perhaps, he imagined her jointure less than it really was, she therefore mentioned it with a little exaggeration, hoping

“That Cupid might take his stand,  
“On a rich widow’s jointure land.”

Still the gentleman remained insensible. She then thought a hint of her love might be of use, and determined to take the first opportunity of giving it. Soon after she had made this tender resolution, Mr. Sterling came into the room with some pebbles in his hand, which he had picked up on the sea-shore, and that day had been amusing himself by polishing. A large company were beginning to assemble for dinner. Mrs. Walwyn, dressed with great coquetry, and in a manner no way suited to her age, took Mr. Sterling to the window, under pretence of examining the pebbles. She said so much of the beauty of one of them, and how very well it was polished, that he begged she would keep it. “I will hang



it round my neck as an *omelette*,"\* said she, with a marked tenderness of manner. She was not quite pleased with the smile which he gave on her saying this; but as he said many fine things to her afterwards, she hoped she might have been mistaken, and that it was a smile of triumph.

At dinner, she shewed an uncommon wish to shine, and even to be what she thought erudite. Ellen, who knew how this must end, whispered the person who sat next to her, with her usual want of caution, 'My mother is just now going to venture, like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, but far beyond her depth.'

The lady who sat next her was a plain matter-of-fact woman, who, without remarking on the impropriety of the communication, replied, "Does Mrs. Walwyn swim? That is being very clever: and with bladders too, how very odd!"

Ellen was not mistaken in her calculation. Her mother became quite eloquent, at least in

her own opinion; but did indeed go far beyond her depth; for on the success of the British arms in the Peninsula being mentioned, she alluded to the days of good Queen Elizabeth, who, she added, ‘we all know defeated the Saxons so completely.’

“*Indeed!*” said Mr. Sterling: “I had almost forgotten that; but you ladies, I always observe, beat us in point of memory.”

‘And in exactness, too,’ said she, with a smile.

“I suppose you allude to the signal defeat of the Armada. The Saxons did, to be sure, get a complete drubbing there.”

‘And yet they fought very bravely,’ said Mrs. Walwyn.

“That they did,” replied Mr. Sterling; “but what always surprises me, is, that unacquainted as the Saxons must have been with the tactics of that day, they should not have been puzzled in the management of their ships.”

‘It is very odd,’ rejoined Mrs. Walwyn; certain that she had never been in a better

“ But Lord Howe and Sir Francis Drake proved too many for them,” said Mr. Sterling, speaking very fast. “ The Saxons had been three years fitting out this very formidable fleet; eighty-one ships were taken, and 17,000 prisoners. But why should I detail what you remember much better than I do; it is enough for us to know, that the *Saxon Heptarchy* never looked up again.”

‘ No,’ said Mrs. Walwyn; ‘ it would have been very odd, if it had.’

A burst of laughter from Ellen, which she in vain endeavoured to restrain, was so infectious, that two or three gentlemen at the bottom of the table joined in it, particularly the one who sat next to her. Mr. Sterling, seeing the danger that she was in of incurring the wrath of her mother, called out to her neighbour, “ At your old tricks, Barry; I see you are never happy, but when you are making young ladies transgress the rules for laughter laid down by Lord Chesterfield. Now, pray, which of Joe Millar’s best stories have you quoted, which has had such power over the

risible faculties of my young friend? She might (if it had not been for you) have been listening to conversation that would have enlightened as well as amused her. We have gone as far back in history as the days of good Queen Bess, and have given her full credit for the destruction of the Saxon Heptarchy."

'In these cases,' said Mrs. Walwyn, looking very wise, 'it is the ministers who get the credit, but for my part I think there is a great deal in the wisdom of having chosen them so well.' "Certainly," said Mr. Sterling; but perceiving the laughter commencing again at the lower end of the table, he said, "Come, Barry, we will drink a glass of wine to the success of the British arms on the Continent; and may we beat the French as successfully as Elizabeth did the Saxons; and remember, no more of Joe Millar, if you have not a mind that your fair neighbour should go without her dinner. In a very short time every one perceived what were Mrs. Walwyn's views, except Ellen, who had seen too little of the world to

know that such matches were ever made, and whose very exalted idea of Mr. Sterling's talents and learning, made her imagine that a woman like her mother never could entertain a hope of captivating one so very much her superior in mental powers and attainment.

## CHAPTER IV

**A**T this period of our history, Mary was on a visit to London, having found herself more listless and miserable than ever, after her return from Bath to Rosy Park : she began to wish that she was again with her masters in London, to keep up those accomplishments, which having learnt superficially, she could never satisfy herself that she was making any progress in alone. She knew that they had proved an attraction to Lord Bredwell, and was half jealous, lest whilst he was abroad, he should hear music that would make hers appear inferior to what he had at first thought it: she therefore had gladly accepted of an

invitation from an old school-fellow, (who had married a man of fashion in London) to spend some time with her. Mrs. Walwyn having promised that she would make no retrenchments till Lord Bredwell's return, knew that she had as good a right to be reimbursed on her daughter's coming of age, as if she remained at home all the time; and also that (according to the letter of her mother-in-law's will,) she was entitled to the same sum annually during her daughter's minority, whether she lived in the house with her or not, the words being "that she was to allow her mother two thousand per annum till she married or came of age." The projected visit neither hastened one event, nor the other; and therefore she gave every encouragement to what she said would be so very desirable for her daughter; and now and then ran over in her own mind "*the twenty little ways*" in which she might save, when Mary was gone, that no one would be able to perceive. She was not sorry too, to have her time more at her her own disposal, that she

might employ it entirely in bringing about her own matrimonial project. Mr. Sterling at last began to perceive that Mrs. Walwyn's mind was resolutely bent on marrying him. He knew that this could never be without his own consent, and never would be with it; he therefore began to consider how he should be able to excuse himself, (in case of an open declaration of love) without losing the pleasure he derived from Ellen's conversation, and the many pleasant days he was in the habit of spending at Rosy Park.

He had perceived of late that Mrs. Walwyn seemed on worse terms than ever with her daughter, and that she threw every obstacle in her power in the way of their entering into their usual conversations on the subject of the books which she had read. Ellen took every opportunity of counteracting her mother's intentions, and shewed greater anxiety than ever to engage him in conversation.

One day, after she had baffled her mother's schemes with even more than her usual success, Mr. Sterling (having taken his leave,



and closed the folding doors of the room which they were sitting in) stopped in the anti-room to arrange the leather straps of one of his spurs which had come unfastened. While so employed, he overheard Mrs. Walwyn in the most angry tone, desire her daughter to go to her own room, now that she had no longer an opportunity of setting herself off for Mr. Sterling.

“ I suppose,” said she, her voice rendered almost inarticulate from anger, “ that you expect he will marry you ; but that, I promise you, he has too much sense to do.”

‘ Marry me!’ said Ellen with the most unfeigned astonishment, ‘ how could such an idea enter into any one’s head. Such a happiness as having his company constantly would be more than I could ever hope for.’

“ More than you have any right to expect, I will allow ; but he is not so old but that he may find a very suitable match yet.”

‘ I never said he was old ; for I think there never was a young man one-half so pleasant, nor one that I have ever seen to be compared

to him in any respect; and oh! how very glad I should be if he was married to any one that was worthy of him, for then I might again enjoy such happy days as I did when poor Mrs. Sterling was alive.'

Mrs. Walwyn's passion rose beyond all bounds; and she had just declared she would turn her out of doors, when Mr. Sterling's spurs being arranged, he left the house in the greatest possible confusion of mind.

He had been so accustomed to consider Ellen as a child, and had been so short a time a widower, that he had never once supposed that such an event as their marriage was possible.

It was not, however, without a very pleasurable feeling, that he reflected that she preferred him to all the young men she had ever seen. He should be proud of her beauty and talents. She wants tenderness so very much just crossed his mind as an objection; but then he recollected, that his was not the age to look for or excite much tenderness in so young a woman; and that the want of that

very quality would remove, in a great measure, the objection he could not but feel there existed in the disparity of their ages. Tenderness in a female companion is most necessary in the hour of sickness, or low spirits : he never suffered from the former, and only from the latter when he returned to an empty and solitary house. As he approached it, he could not help thinking how very different he should feel if Ellen was there awaiting his return, ready to delight him with her conversation, and to enjoy every word he uttered. Before he had set long by his own fire side, indulging in these thoughts, he had determined that there was nothing at all ridiculous in his marrying Ellen, since the preference *began* on her side. He went over in his own mind a list of all the men he had ever known, who had been happy with women much younger than themselves ; and never glanced a thought towards those who had found in such ill-assorted unions, disgrace and misery. He dined at home, and alone, that day, which was very unusual with him, and could not.

help figuring to himself how very comfortable he might be surrounded by their mutual friends, and Ellen, as his wife, giving life and animation to the whole company.

As the gloom of twilight stole over his meditations, her want of feminine softness of mind, which he had too much taste not to regret, again crossed his thoughts, together with the many sarcasms the world would not fail to throw out at such an ill-suited marriage —“the world’s dread laugh, which scarce the stern philosopher can scorn.” He was getting into a very uncomfortable train of thought; he rang for candles; he would have liked to call for tea, but that always put him in mind that he was without female society more than any thing else. His mind was made for joy, and he drove away from him, as quickly as he could, a gloomy train of thought, whenever it occurred. He then looked at the bright side of the question. He knew Ellen’s religious principles to have a firm foundation, and that she never would act contrary to them. This removed all the

danger that attends such unequal matches, where there is no soundness of principle. He was certain she had never felt the least partiality for any of the other sex, or even given them a moment's attention, when he was present. She was in an uncommonly unpleasant situation. Her home was made every day more disagreeable to her; and her talents were of the kind that were more likely to keep younger men at a distance, than to invite their addresses.

In an expensive and luxurious age, too, her total want of fortune was against her being much sought after: in short, he retired to rest quite certain that their union would be equally advantageous to both parties.

He got up refreshed by a good night's sleep, and determined to ride over to Rosy Park with a book, which he had promised to Mrs. Walwyn, who had of late taken a great fancy to reading. "During the life-time of my poor boy, who was so very unhealthy, and required so much of my attention, I had not time to indulge in my great natural taste

for reading; but I find it a great resource now," said Mrs. Walwyn.

No very sensible man ever felt more foolish than Mr. Sterling did, as he rode up to the door. He had argued himself into a determination to speak the first opportunity. As he knew the lady's mind, there was no occasion for him to undergo the pains and penalties of courtship at his time of life. Perhaps if he were to try to make himself agreeable he should fail. He had pleased, without being conscious of it; and he would boldly avail himself of his knowledge of Ellen's sentiments, and declare his own.

A favourable opportunity presented itself: she was alone in the saloon when he entered. He knew that he must look like a fool—that was unavoidable; but, besides, he feared that he should be reduced to make some stupid remark on the weather, if he did not begin directly. He therefore told her what his sentiments had hitherto been on the subject of unequal marriages; but that the kind partiality which she had always shewn him, emboldened him to

say, that if she thought more favourably of him than of any of the rest of her acquaintance, and that her heart was not already engaged, that he should be most happy to dedicate the rest of his life to making her happy, if she would accept of him as her husband.

We need not give the lady's answer, the reader being already acquainted with her sentiments; suffice it to say, that she accepted of this very sudden proposal of marriage without any other sensation than that of very sincere pleasure. Her consent was not accompanied by sighs, tears, or faintings; and she was the first to put an end to the embarrassment which she perceived in Mr. Sterling's manner, by introducing a new subject of conversation.

When Mrs. Walwyn heard who was in the saloon, she was just returned from walking, and having taken time to put on a most becoming *dishabille*, came into the room with a book in her hand, where she found her daughter and intended husband with great composure discussing the merits of the last work which the former had read. Mr. Sterling could not help feeling very much at a

loss what to say, when Ellen's leaving the room gave him an opportunity of asking Mrs. Walwyn's consent to marry her daughter, instead of herself, which he knew she expected. It *must* be done, however; so there was no use in farther consideration. After saying many flattering things to Mrs. Walwyn, which she thought were the forerunners of a proposal of marriage to herself, he told her that Ellen had consented (if she approved) to become his wife.

Mrs. Walwyn was thunderstruck, and never in her life had found it so difficult to hide her feelings; but she had too much worldly wisdom, or rather cunning, not to wish to hide them. She had been disappointed, it is true, but it was in an affair of pounds, shillings, and pence; and those are disappointments which betray less external marks than are visible in affairs of the heart.

When she recovered from her first surprise, she answered, "that Ellen had always been such an undutiful child, she was certain she would not wait for her consent; that if she was to refuse it from a certain know-



ledge of how very ill those unequal marriages always turned out, she supposed nothing would satisfy her but jumping out of the garret window."

' Not into the arms of a man of my age, surely,' said Mr. Sterling, good-humouredly; ' if we get young wives to come to us quietly down the stairs and out of the hall door, it is all we can look for.'

" I own this has come a little unexpectedly on me," said Mrs. Walwyn, after some recollection; " for I little thought, when my poor friend Mrs. Sterling was so kind to my ungrateful daughter, that she was to be her successor, and that her death would give pleasure instead of pain. I can now account for the high spirits she was in, when she heard of her decease. I think it is now about eight months since she died, is it not?"

It is an odd instinct which fools appear to possess, of always knowing how to touch on a tender point, thought Mr. Sterling to himself: he said nothing, however, either in his own defence or Ellen's, but went out on the lawn,

where he saw that she was walking. He told her of the ungracious consent of her mother; and added, that as he saw she was evidently vexed at something, he thought it better to pretend he had recollected a prior engagement to dinner; and begged she would make his apology, and say he would come the next day.

We have already mentioned that the character of Ellen is taken from real life, her story a true one; therefore as she was married, we must relate it; but we cannot suppose that any of our very young readers will think her fate so desirable, that her errors have led to consequences of such a pleasant nature, that she is therefore meant as an object of imitation. An elderly person, accustomed to her turn for satire, an admirer of her talents and beauty, and in great want of a companion, overhears her expressing great admiration, almost amounting to love, for him; and is induced, from that circumstance alone, to propose for one, who, the hour before, he had never thought of as the object of his choice, and who, he could not help acknowledging,

was not likely to be the choice of any one else. Here are all the prolonged pleasures of courtship, inspiring devoted love, unmixed admiration, entirely cut off, and a match made quite independent of the intervention of Cupid; and which, we do not fear, will lead our fair readers into feeling the baneful passion of envy, or any wish to imitate a character and manners, which have led to a consequence so little to their taste.

## CHAPTER IV.

**N**OTHING could equal the rage and disappointment of Mrs. Walwyn, when her intended son-in-law had left the room; but she felt that she was without power to prevent the match, and therefore began, with cautious cunning, to consider how she should act, so as best to conceal her disappointment. She expected a large company to dinner, who, she had flattered herself, would have been witnesses to her increasing power over a man of Mr. Sterling's sense and fortune, which latter was always uppermost in her mind. How much altered was the case now! He would in future appear as the intended husband of her

daughter, whom she hated more than ever. She resolved to avoid her till the company arrived, that she need not be obliged to speak on so odious a subject.

When all the guests were assembled, she came down to the drawing-room, where she found Ellen engaged in conversation with an old man of great learning, with neither more nor less animation than usual. After sitting some time, Mrs. Walwyn remarked that Mr. Sterling was seldom so late; on which her daughter answered, "He desired me to say that he had recollected a prior engagement, which prevented him the pleasure of dining with you to-day; but that he would come to-morrow, if you would allow him."

Mrs. Walwyn was much relieved by this respite. Knowing that Ellen would not mention the subject, she determined that one day more should pass, before she told any one of the intended marriage. During dinner, she tried at every moment to turn the conversation to unequal matches in point of age, and how very ill they always turned out; but as no one

was interested to oppose her on this subject, after three most fatal instances which she adduced, she was obliged to let the subject drop. A young lady of small fortune in the neighbourhood, who was going to make a great match, happening to be mentioned, gave her an opportunity of venting some of her spleen against Ellen.

“These instances,” said she, “my dear Ma’am,” to the lady next her, “are very rare and I think always do more harm than good.”

‘How do you mean?’ said the lady; ‘I do not exactly understand you. You don’t foresee any harm to Miss \*\*\*, I trust; she is a great favourite of mine.’

“She is a nice young woman, I will allow,” rejoined Mrs. Walwyn; “but I must always think that such a match taking place; may set other young women, in similar circumstances, on expecting too much, and prevent their accepting of the halt, the lame, and the blind, when they offer, from an idea that nothing is good enough for them. Having a daughter

in that unfortunate situation myself, it is a subject that engages much of my attention; and I always tell Ellen that she must take the first man that offers, even though he should be old enough to be her grandfather; and that the only thing for a girl to do, who has only enough to buy her a wedding-gown, is to hold herself in readiness to appear with her husband like *January* and *February*, in that very beautiful poem of the poet's, with which I was amusing myself the other day." All this was thought very cruel by every one who heard it, and failed of its intended effect of mortifying Ellen, who was too busily engaged in conversation with the next person to her, to have heard a word of what her mother had said.

We shall now take our leave of the party at Rosy Park, leaving Mrs. Walwyn to recover her serenity, and Mr. Sterling to make the necessary arrangements for his intended marriage, while we relate the events which have occurred since our last mention of Mrs. Mor-daunt and her niece.

Soon after their return from their last visit to Rosy Park, the former received a letter in a hand so unsteady, as scarcely to be legible; it was as follows:

“ My dear Mrs. Mordaunt,—I arrived at the Crown Inn last night so ill that I could not get on another mile. I am shockingly altered by a fever and ague, and literally cannot summons up sufficient resolution to let my poor mother see me in the plight to which I am reduced. As her earliest and best friend, I wish you to advise me how she can be prepared for seeing me so much changed, so as to shock her the least.

‘ I shall follow the messenger, who will deliver this, by slow degrees, and shall hope to reach you by twelve. I can sit up to write no more, so adieu. Forgive me, and believe me, &c.

HENRY HOWARD.”

Nothing could run more directly counter to Mrs. Mordaunt’s wishes than a visit from Major Howard, but in such circumstances it would have been barbarous to deny him her advice and assistance. When the appointed



time for his arrival approached, she sent Emma to visit a sick cottager at some distance. She did not suspect that she was in love with Henry, nor did she think that her niece would ever marry without her consent; but she feared that the impression he had made was sufficiently in his favour to make other men appear to disadvantage in her eyes.

She had lately been addressed by a very interesting young man, with a splendid fortune, whose character and manners were so amiable, that Mrs. Mordaunt most anxiously wished that he might be favorably received; but Emma had rejected him in so mild but determined a manner, that it made her suspect that the pleasant partner at Lady Bredwell's ball, and the bearer of General \*\*\*\*\*'s dispatches, had made her blind, or at least indifferent, to so much merit.

When the carriage in which Henry travelled drove slowly up to the door, Mrs. Mordaunt went to meet it, but started back with horror when she perceived what she thought the corpse of Henry, supported in the arms of his

servant, who seemed in the greatest agitation. In the most urgent manner he requested leave to take his master into the house, and lay him on a bed, as he was quite certain that if he went another mile, it must be his last, the jolting of the carriage distressed him so much.

When Mrs. Mordaunt saw the only son of her friend to all appearance dying, she forgot every selfish consideration, and told his servant she would send him assistance to carry his master into the house.

Henry was then laid on a sofa in the drawing-room. When he began to recover the effects of the movement of the carriage, he opened his eyes, and thanked her for her kindness. “ I feel better already,” he said; “ I hope I have not frightened you. What shall we do to prevent my mother seeing me while I am such an object?”

‘ Do not distress yourself,’ said Mrs. Mordaunt, ‘ on that account; you shall rest here for a few days; and if it does you as much good as your servant seems to think it will, we can then break by degrees to Mrs. Howard

that you have been in bad health, but are recovering.’

When Emma (on her return from the cottage which she had been sent to visit) came into the room, she started back on seeing a person on the sofa, to all appearance dead. When she perceived it was Henry, she could not conceal her sorrow, but burst into tears. He opened his eyes, but could not speak for some time; at last he said, “ You are not to suppose that you are looking at a dying man, I am worth (as they vulgarly say) two dead men yet.”

‘ But you are shockingly ill,’ she attempted to say; but her tears almost choked her, and she ran out of the room.

Henry forgot the weak state he was in, so delighted was he at fancying that he excited so strong an interest in Emma’s heart. Had he known that heart better, he would have been less flattered, for he would then have been certain that the sight of any one who she had been accustomed to see in the enjoyment of

health and happiness, reduced to such a state, would have excited tears.

Though anxious to defend our heroine from the charge of being absolutely in love, yet we do not mean to say that her tears would have flowed so impetuously for a stranger, or that she would have found it quite so difficult to bring herself again to look at any other pale face which death seemed to have robbed almost of all its beauty.

When the physician sent for by Mrs. Mordaunt arrived, he said " he never had seen any one reduced so low as Major Howard amongst the many that he had attended, who had been attacked by the fever and ague in Spain ; but that he would not have his friends despair, as he had seen young people recover from similar complaints, of whom he did not entertain the smallest hopes when first he saw them. He then prescribed what he thought would be the most useful, and desired that he might be kept perfectly quiet, and free from all agitation.

It was not easy to keep so romantic a lover as Henry free from agitation, in the same house with the object of his affections; but when he was removed up stairs, he knew he could not see Emma again till he came down to the drawing-room, and therefore yielded to necessity with the best grace in his power. Quiet, ease, and good food, (of which he had been long deprived,) soon brought him out of that state of debility which seemed so seriously to threaten his existence. When once he found himself better, he grew impatient to be carried down stairs, as he said he felt how much good change of air would do him.

Mrs. Mordaunt did not seem as anxious to oblige him in this, as in all his other wishes; which, when he perceived, he said, "I see you are still afraid of me, you do not like to let me see Emma."

'It is true I do not; you openly avow your admiration of her to me; and knowing my sentiments as well as you do on the subject of her marrying an officer, I wonder at your

choosing to run the risk of making yourself unhappy.’

“ Oh! as for me, I never can be more in love than I am; and as to exciting any reciprocal passion in her breast, you cannot suppose me so great a puppy as to fancy that such a bundle of bones, with a death’s head on the top of them, can have any chance of captivating such a heavenly creature as your niece. I am much fitter to adorn the cell of some penitent monk, and recal death to his recollection, than to recommend myself to youth and beauty.”

• Mrs. Mordaunt, true to her resolution that Emma should never marry a soldier, determined that if a mutual passion took place, that she would insist on Henry’s leaving the army, and either let them live with her, or, dividing her income with them during her life, leave them the whole of her property at her death.

Emma’s heart beat with pleasure when she heard that Henry was to come down stairs, and expected, from the physician having said every day that he was better, that she should see a

great improvement in him. Her agitation was very apparent when she saw him, only looking like an animated corpse. He became, however, less death-like in his appearance every day, and every day more deeply enamoured.

Emma read to him, talked to him, did every thing she could to amuse him.

Her delightful talents for music alone would have been sufficient to have touched any heart as much alive as Henry's to the delights of harmony. Her voice was not of great extent, but so touchingly sweet, and she sang with such taste and feeling, that people who were not, generally speaking, fond of music, were mute when she sang. Her figure looked to great advantage at the harp; and her face, Henry thought, nothing could improve. So much could not be said of his. Death and sickness, in heroes and heroines, generally are supposed to increase beauty; but we do not know how it happened, that the pale hue of death did not at all add to his attractions in any eyes but those of Emma's. He might have been the most blooming Apollo that ever

endangered the peace of the female world, and he would have been less dangerous to her gentle and tender heart than he was when reduced to the weakness of a child, his limbs so emaciated, that all proportion was lost. A large aquiline nose, so thin that the light could almost be seen through it; lips of an ashy hue, which seemed with difficulty to cover a set of teeth much too large for the present size of his face; and, to finish the picture of our hero, we grieve to add, that his hair, which we might have been proud to describe as glossy, brown, and curling, over a forehead of ivory, was fast coming off in handfuls, so as to give an idea that either baldness or a wig must be inevitable. Notwithstanding his being seen under all these disadvantages, Emma passed the narrow boundary between feeling great interest and being in love, without being sensible of the change. She never intended to go contrary to her aunt's will, by marrying a soldier, nor would she for the world have had Henry's precious life risked, by continuing in a dangerous profession; but she knew that people



sold out of the army very often, and went upon half-pay, and either of these expedients she thought would reconcile Mrs. Mordaunt to her marriage with a person to whom she seemed greatly attached, and of whom she certainly approved more than any young man with whom she had ever seen her acquainted.

Mrs. Mordaunt saw the growing attachment of these young people with regret and anxiety ; but being rather romantic herself on the subject of attachment, and having very early in life experienced the pains and pleasures of love in their fullest force, she knew how lightly fortune and title weigh in the balance against strong affection, and therefore gave up, with a sigh, all the splendid hopes she had formed of her beautiful niece's establishment ; and when Henry declared to her that he could not answer for it, that he should not, in an unguarded moment, declare his passion, she candidly told him that his leaving the army was the only condition by which her consent could ever be obtained. This, he said, his honour as a soldier would forbid, under

the present circumstances; but Mrs. Mordaunt was resolute, and he saw plainly that there was no use (at least at the present moment) in attempting to combat her resolution, and therefore contented himself with thinking that the day must come, when Emma would be his. He began now to recover most rapidly, and to look so well, that he had no longer any fear of alarming his mother, and therefore set out to see her, having first prevailed on Emma to promise that she never would marry any one but him; but she added, that he must never expect her to become his wife without the full consent of her aunt.

No child could love a mother more tenderly, than Emma did Mrs. Mordaunt. No selfish consideration could ever have induced her to make her aunt unhappy. She could remember, that, when she was quite a child, she used frequently to catch her in tears, and that people said in her hearing what a heart-broken woman Mrs. Mordaunt was. As she grew older, she remembered that those marks of sorrow seemed to wear off; and as she herself

became more companionable, that her aunt became more cheerful; and had overheard her say sometimes to old friends, who congratulated her on her improved health and spirits, that she found her niece's company so delightful to her, that it had weaned her from all her sorrows; that as she perceived great sensibility in Emma, whenever she was melancholy, that she had endeavoured to hide her feelings for past misfortunes, till they no longer recurred so frequently.

“I could not know this,” said Emma, when talking on the subject of their mutual attachment with Henry, “and take any step for my own happiness, that would lessen her's. I dare say there will be a peace very soon; and then we may consult our own happiness, without my being guilty of the sin of ingratitude.”

When Henry had been a few days with his mother, he received a letter from General \*\*\*\*\* , to tell him that the army was to take the field in a short time, and he hoped his health would allow of his joining before any credit

could be gained; that he was particularly anxious for him to be the bearer of his next dispatches, as they seemed to talk of the probability of a peace in England; which made it very desirable that he should get his lieutenant-colonelcy before such an event could take place. Henry was at first in such high spirits at the thoughts of promotion, that he forgot for a moment that it must be purchased by quitting Emma. He felt, however, that his honour was concerned, and therefore that he had no choice. He wrote to Mrs. Mor-daunt, and told her his misery at thinking that he might perhaps never see Emma again; but that if fortune smiled on him, and that the efforts of his General were crowned with success, he might return covered with laurels: and that when he obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, he hoped she would relent a little, as the higher rank a man had in the army, the better he was enabled to prevent his wife suffering any inconvenience by accompanying him abroad.

When Mrs. Mordaunt communicated to Emma, that Henry was under the necessity of returning immediately to the Peninsula, she seemed so very much terrified, and so miserable, that she told her, that, if he would consent to leave the army, on their marriage she would divide her income with them. Her niece expressed the liveliest gratitude for this disinterested kindness; but declared, 'that she never should make such a sacrifice for her; that she would sooner give up Henry, and they would both remain single all their lives, rather than lessen her comforts, or deprive her of the power of being generous, and making others happy, without which she never could be so herself.'

Mrs. Mordaunt was not, however, to be turned from her purpose; and, without her niece's knowledge, wrote to Henry, offering to settle £800 per annum on Emma, when she married him; which could not be, however, till after he had left the army. By return of post she received the following letter:

“ You are the most generous and best of women, my dear Mrs. Mordaunt ; and might, by such a bribe as you offer, tempt any poor fellow, as much in love as I am, to destruction. When first I read your letter, it seemed to me that there was but one choice for me to make, and but one road to happiness ; but I should *be totally unworthy of your friendship, or Emma’s love,* if I could long doubt what to do, in a case where the call of honour is so imperious as it is at the present moment. What a worthless fellow should I be, if, to gratify myself, I was to sit down for the rest of my life, content to lessen the comforts of my Emma’s more than mother, absolutely to live upon her bounty ; and to be the husband of the loveliest woman on earth, with a consciousness of not being worthy of her. As the temptation is strong, beyond what I could have believed a temptation to do very wrong could be, I am glad that the principles of a soldier oblige me to set off for the army immediately.

“ May heaven bless you, my dear Madam, and grant you life and health to watch over the happiness of my beloved Emma ! Tell her, I feel assured of her love, but cannot trust myself to write to her till I am no longer in the same country ; for this reason I cannot take leave. I want the noise and bustle of a camp to put thought to the rout ; I am half inclined to quarrel with my servant for packing up so quietly. I shall be off to-morrow at day-light. I durst not tell my poor mother your generous proposal—it would only add to her regrets. I cannot help wishing that I was not a soldier, when I see her pale and miserable face. Fame, after all, is but a frothy substitute for real happiness. But I forget myself ; I am not in a red coat, however, at this moment, so must be forgiven. Adieu, adieu, my dearest Madam ! adieu, adieu, my beloved Emma ! you would have been happier if we had never met. Though I am such a miserable dog at this minute, I know I shall come home triumphant. I am writing nonsense, rather than

finish my letter, because I feel that, when I have written my name, I shall, indeed, have bid adieu to all that is most dear to me on earth ; but it cannot be helped. Believe me, &c. &c.

“ HENRY HOWARD.”



## CHAPTER VI.

**I**T is needless to describe the distress that Mrs. Mordaunt felt at being obliged to communicate the contents of this letter to the tender-hearted, affectionate Emma; or how miserable it made her to know, that Henry was again to be exposed to the dangers of war. At first she could not make any effort to restrain her tears, which she shed plenteously in the bosom of her compassionate Aunt.

By degrees she acquired greater command of herself; her days were spent in apparent composure, and only in the silence of the night

she indulged in tears, when she put up a fervent prayer for her Henry's safety. His letter to Mrs. Mordaunt, which, after a little time, she gave her, she laid under her pillow every night, and every morning found her impatient to have light to read it, and dwell on the loved characters of him who was a thousand times dearer to her, since he had proved himself a character so worthy of her love.

She felt that, if any thing could have lessened her affection for him, it would have been his being contented to trespass on the kindness of her Aunt, and to lead an idle and inglorious life. Such she could not but confess he would be, if he was to renounce the service of his country, and, without any profession, be satisfied with being an useless member of society for the rest of his days.

Emma's health was naturally good; yet still the anxiety of her mind could not fail to prey on it. She had no complaint that alarmed the watchful tenderness of her Aunt; but her appearance was more delicate than it had ever been, and her spirits were very un-

equal. Sometimes she made an effort at cheerfulness to amuse Mrs. Mordaunt; but, except by effort, she was not the entertaining, lively companion she had hitherto been.

When Mrs. Mordaunt heard of the intended marriage of Ellen and Mr. Sterling, she was not surprized: she had seen too much of the world not to know how frequently those kind of matches occur, and this she thought less incongruous than many of those which she had witnessed. Mr. Sterling was a delightful and instructive companion; was still very handsome; and the great animation of his manner made him appear younger than he really was. Emma heard of it with the utmost astonishment and concern; but when Ellen wrote her word how much delighted she was at being so fortunate as to be the intended wife of such a very sensible, superior man as Mr. Sterling, she began to think that they only differed in their ideas of happiness. No one admired her intended brother-in-law more than she did; but to be in love with him, she thought quite impossible. She was not sorry when Mrs.

Walwyn wrote a very pressing invitation to Mrs. Mordaunt to be present at the wedding ; because she knew that, in a house full of company, she could more frequently steal away to indulge in her own reflections, than when living alone with her Aunt. When they arrived at Rosy Park, they found Mrs. Walwyn *affecting great pleasure at getting her daughter so well disposed of* ; “ for though Mr. Sterling,” she said, “ was old enough to be her grandfather, yet his fortune and family were good ; and being, as he was, aware of Eilen’s faults of disposition and temper, he could make more allowances for them than a stranger. She was much the plainest of her family, and it was always well to get the plain one off.”

General and Mrs. Little were at this time inmates at Rosy Park ; there was other company also in the house, so that Emma could often indulge in the solitude, which, in her ~~present~~ temper of mind, she found so soothing ~~to~~ her feelings. One day, when she had strolled down a lane, and was thinking what an altered creature she was in her own feel-

ings, since the first day she had walked the same way with her aunt, to meet poor Pat, and engage him in conversation, she was startled by a dog that bounced out from behind a hedge, and began to bark at her. She was not naturally afraid of dogs, and therefore when she saw Mr. Hall walking in great haste towards her (after having called off the dog), she went to meet him, and begged he would not make any apology, as his dog had merely startled her.

“ It is some time,” said Mr. Hall, “ since I have seen you ; if I am not mistaken you are the Miss Walwyn who live with Mrs. Mor-daunt. Have you forgotten the clergyman who came out of a cottage door, and acted the part of a footpad, by robbing you of your pocket-money, when you were a child.”

‘ I should most willingly submit to a similar robbery again,’ said Emma.

“ I take you at your word, for I can trust your countenance ; give me what you can spare. I am not so poor a man as when I robbed you last, for which I am indebted to

your intended brother-in-law, who has procured me a sinecure living ; but at present I am very much in want of money for a charitable purpose ; and besides, I should like to find, that neither the world, nor its admiration, have spoiled you. ’

Emma gave her purse, and desired him to take what he wanted.

“ You should not have put such a temptation in my hands, I should have been contented, had you given me one guinea ; what will you say when you find that I have taken five. ”

‘ I should say that I was certain of their being well employed ; and only wish you would entrust me with the care of some of your poor parishioners, while I am in the country, which may be for some weeks. ’

“ Why, not in the present case, ” said Mr. Hall ; “ it would do you no good ; you do not want to have your feelings harrowed up, in order to make you charitable. I always spare the sight of human misery, when I can, to any one who will do good without it ; and this is

a case of such poignant distress, that it wrings tears from my old eyes; what would it do then by your young ones?"

'Do,' said Emma, quite affected by his manner, 'let me be of use. I assure you, my aunt never scruples to send me to see the sickest people in our neighbourhood: but while I am here, I am quite idle; pray do give me something to do.'

"Another time I will; if you wish, however, to oblige an old man, I will ask you as a favour, to give this sealed packet to your aunt Mrs. Mordaunt, and beg of her not to read it till she retires to her room at night; and not to let any one except herself be acquainted with the contents. As you may be surprised at this appearance of mystery, I will tell you that it is the history of a family in this immediate neighbourhood; and as it is a tale of woe, and you have already given all that is at present necessary, I beg you may not ask to see it. You do not look in as good health as you used to do; and the world will always afford you sufficient opportunities of

witnessing distress, which I both hope and trust you will never fail to relieve when in your power. So save your feelings in this instance, when I tell you that you can be of no farther use. And now, if you will accept of an old man for a protector, I will escort you to the gate of Rosy Park ; as the poor madman, of whom you may have heard in this neighbourhood, is somewhere hereabouts ; I was in search of him, when I met you : he would not hurt, but he might startle you, as much as my dog did ; and to be frightened a second time, as well as robbed, would be too great ill-luck for one evening.”

• As Mr. Hall walked with Emma, he mentioned the interest he had taken in directing her sister’s religious reading ; saying, “ By my not visiting at Mrs. Walwyn’s, I lost much of the pleasure I might have had in hearing her remarks : she always wrote them down, however, (at the request of Mr. Sterling,) on a slip of paper when she returned me the books I lent him for her ; and I was surprised at the acuteness and understanding with which they



were made. Men seldom draw so rich a reward for their good deeds in this world, as Mr. Sterling is likely to do. He will have the blessing of having a wife with thoroughly well-grounded principles, in consequence of having wished to save a child (in whom he had then only a benevolent interest) from being an infidel."

When they came to the gate he withdrew, leaving a strong impression of both his sense and goodness on Emma's mind.

When she delivered the packet to Mrs. Mordaunt, she said she wondered at Mr. Hall's company not being more sought after in the country; for that she thought him remarkably interesting, and that, though his good opinion of her had no better foundation than trusting to her countenance, she felt gratified by it.

## CHAPTER VII.

**W**HEN Mrs. Mordaunt retired to her own room, she broke open the packet from Mr. Hall, which contained the following letter.

“ Madam,—Before I relate to you the melancholy situation of a family in this neighbourhood, I beg leave to express the very high sense I have of the goodness of your heart, and the excellence of your character. How otherwise could I hope that you would forgive a stranger for intruding himself on your notice, while he exposes, (most unwillingly,) to your virtuous mind, the consequences of a brother’s vices. I would fain soften the term if I could, to shock you less ;

but it would ill suit the habit which I wear, to join in the general league mankind seem to have entered into, to call the vices, the most fatal in their consequences to mankind, the most directly in opposition to the commandments of God, *youthful follies, levities, the dissipation natural to youth*. The word *crime* is almost abolished in the education of our young men, or only applied to what the world choose to designate as such.

“ A young man of fortune may lead a life that may lay the foundation for crimes, of which he would shudder to think, and have no more severe remark made on him, than that he is a wild or dissipated man, and nobody’s enemy but his own. Could those who adopt this fashionable jargon, but witness the consequences that I have done, of such levities (as they call them) they would feel that they make themselves partakers in the crime, by attaching such a slight degree of censure to what ought to be held up to the abhorrence of all mankind. Remember, however, as your blood chills at the consequence of a brother’s crimes,

that that brother died a penitent ; and that the God, whose pardon he implored, is a God of mercy. I shall ever regret that I was not with Mr. Walwyn when he died. I look upon his sending for me (whom he had never before noticed) as an undeniable proof of his repentance ; and had I been present in his dying moments, he might have made confessions that would have prevented much of the misery which has been the consequence of concealment.

“ The melancholy and mysterious story of the poor madman having been tried for murder, and condemned, his loss of reason, and his parents dying of grief, you must have heard related in different ways, since you have been in the habit of coming into this country. But you have never heard the truth ; no one but myself is in possession of it ; nor did I know, more than the rest of the world, what had brought the suspicion of murder on the most innocent of all my parishioners, till about two years ago, when a most hardened wretch of the name of Richards sent to me, and revealed

the story which I shall relate to you presently; but first I must inform you that the late Mr. Walwyn had formed a connection, previous to his marriage, with a woman of the name of Dolly Ferin, by whom he had three sons. Having made no sort of provision for them at his death, and she being an idle, helpless creature, they all came upon the parish. The mother, who was extremely handsome, took to an evil way of life, and died, in the streets of London, of want, vice, and wretchedness, such as no tongue can speak, no language tell. Though these boys were to be educated at the expense of the parish, I could not help paying them more than usual attention, fearing that they had no chance of being virtuous characters. Of two of them I formed a most unfavourable opinion from the first; they seemed to me to be radically bad; and all that I could do or say to reform them, had no effect.

“ I took care that they should be apprenticed, by the parish officers, to two farmers, who were of the most respectable character, and who I knew were incapable of treating

them with cruelty or harshness, which is always more likely to harden than correct.

“ The eldest was fond of horses, and determined to be a jockey ; he ran away from his master, and, after having been several times tried for petty frauds, was at last hung for a robbery on the highway. The second remained longer with his master, whom he however left in the fifth year of his apprenticeship, fearing it should be discovered that he had been in the habit of selling his corn in small quantities in the neighbourhood. He was afterwards tried, and sentenced to transportation; but died on board the hulks of an infectious fever.

The youngest was from his birth the most interesting creature I ever saw. He had a melancholy in his countenance even in his infancy, that particularly attracted me. He was apprenticed to a man of most excellent character, but whose wife was infected with gloomy ideas on the subject of religion. I was so apprehensive of the bad effects which this might have on a boy of so serious a turn,

that I proposed to his master to give over the articles of his apprenticeship to me, and from that time I took him home to act in the capacity of a servant, and spent many of my leisure hours in instructing him. He had no particular talents, but learnt with diligence every task I allotted him, and received religious instruction with gratitude and delight. He seemed to have a particular pleasure in giving the little personal attendance which I required. He was gentle and affectionate, and that, to a solitary being like myself, was very attractive. I grew so fond of him, that as I lifted the latch of my own door, I looked forward with pleasure to seeing the smile of welcome, which I was sure would light up Edward's pale face when he saw me. His health was a source of great anxiety to me, and when he reached his twentieth year, I sent him, for change of air, to an old friend of mine in the south of England. He left me with the greatest reluctance; but the mildness of the climate had such a happy effect in restoring his health,

that I wrote to him to desire he would continue with a master gardener, for whom he worked, for another year. Knowing his attachment to me, I was surprized at his consenting to this, without remonstrance ; but my friend to whom I had recommended him accounted for it, by saying that he had formed an attachment for a very pretty girl, some years older than himself, (servant to the gardener by whom he was employed,) and that he wished greatly for my consent to marry her.

“ As the girl’s character was good, I had no reason for withholding my consent. I gave it, and was angry with myself for feeling selfishly sorry that I lost Edward as a servant. After he had remained nearly two years absent, he returned with his wife and a child, which seemed to be the delight of his life ; they got on tolerably well, after they settled in this country ; Edward working as under gardener, and his wife doing needle-work for the neighbouring farmers’ wives, till she was confined the second time, when a severe fever which he caught, proved infectious, and reduced



them to utter want, at a time I could not relieve them. It was just at this period that I first saw your two nieces pass by the cottage, where want and sickness seemed to vie with each other which should complete the destruction of poor Edward's happiness. The near relationship they bore to this unfortunate family induced me to ask for money for their relief, though at the hazard of being thought by you (whose character I respected) guilty of an impropriety.

“ Edward and his family recovered from this illness, and were going on tolerably well. The money your sweet little niece gave was of incalculable use. Oh! who, amongst the most hard-hearted rich, would withhold a guinea, useless to themselves, if they could but witness what an alleviation the trifling food and medicines which it purchases brings to sickness and to want. Some weeks after Edward had been sufficiently recovered to return to his work, I was awakened in the dead of night by the most clamorous appeals to my compassion; the person who petitioned protesting

that if I did not come immediately to the bedside of a dying man, that the greatest mischief might ensue, for that he declared he would not die till he saw me. I instantly recognized the language and voice of the Irishman, who has lived in the village for some years, and whose religion accounted for his thinking confession of such vital importance. He came to my door, and said, 'Long life to your honor! and for the tender mercies, come to Richards, the villain who swore away Jack's life, no thanks to him that it was only his senses. He has had a power of sickness, and has talked all the time of Jack, and fancied he was in the room with him; and this gave me a curiosity like to see him; and just as I got there he took a right turn, and wished to make his confession, that he was a rogue and a murderer, which every good christian, that is a catholic, should wish to do before they die. And so I run off for your honor, and now may be he'll tell all about that murder, that Jack never done; and then we may have the poor lad sensible again.'

“ My anxiety and impatience were as great as this poor honest creature’s, though my hopes of the result were not so extravagant. When I came to the bed-side, where the unfortunate creature lay, he started up, and catching me by the hand, he said, ‘ Can you save me? Can you snatch me from perdition? But no, you cannot.’ And he flung away my hand from him with violence. ‘ Listen to me, however, while I have breath left to detail my own wickedness, and then tell me what chance I have of forgiveness, who have been guilty of such crimes.’

[ Here followed the confession of the murder of Dives, the prosecution of Jack Wright, &c. &c. with which the reader is already acquainted.]

“ All this the dying man related with apparent composure, in comparison to what he seemed to suffer afterwards, when he began to open a new scene of villainy, in which he had not acted as principal, but which appeared to have struck him with the most dreadful feelings of remorse. He began by uttering such horrid imprecations against the late Mr.

Walwyn, and a dependent of his, that I was obliged to threaten to leave him, if he did not cease. With agitation which convulsed his whole frame, he told me that, just before the Squire came of age, he was fond of a very pretty girl in the village of \*\*\*\*, who was under the care of a brother, who never would allow her to be out of his sight, from the moment he found out whose attention she had attracted. The dependent (whose name I shall conceal) employed Richards to get the young man out of the country, which was not difficult, recruiting for soldiers not being then on the same footing that it is at present, and a trifling bribe to a recruiting serjeant got him out of the way. He said there was some horrid work afterwards, in which he had no share. The girl was removed soon after, at Mr. Walwyn's desire, to a farm-house, on an estate which he had in Devonshire, where she gave birth to a daughter, and died.

“Here the unfortunate wretch fell into such convulsions, that I never thought he could have recovered sufficiently to finish his

horrid tale. He did at last, with infinite difficulty, relate, that this child had been brought up by its grandmother, and on her death went to be servant to the gardener for whom Edward worked, and who kept a public garden; that he had often, since the death of Mr. Walwyn, seen the girl, he having engaged as gamekeeper to a gentleman in that part of the country, and who had dismissed him about two years ago. Chance had brought him to Bevan, where he met her again; when, horrid to relate, he found that she had married Edward Ferin,\* and that the child she

\* The idea of any connexion being formed by marriage between relations too nearly allied is so abhorrent to the feelings of even the most depraved characters, that some excuse may be thought necessary for relating such a story as that of Edward's. If all the works of the ancients, which paint the indulgence of the most disgusting and horrid passions, were carefully concealed from the eye of youth, instead of being given them to learn amongst their daily tasks, it would certainly become an object of consideration, whether it ought not to be suppressed. In our own defence we shall only point out, that we have cited no instance of what is called unusual depravity, have painted no unhallowed love between relations, conscious they were such.

We have not degraded the human character, by representing vice that is so seldom heard of, that if it ever does

carried in her arms—here he seemed as if choaking; but suddenly screamed out, ‘It was not I that did it: why should I be d—d for the wickedness of another? Have I not guilt enough of my own, but I must be haunted by the crimes of another? I did nothing but send a good likely fellow to fight for his country,’ said he, with a horrid laugh. ‘I was afterwards employed to remove a mother and her daughter (who was with child) to another country: that was not my fault. And who could have thought, that Edward Ferin would have married the child she then bore? I had nothing to do with it,’ said he, shuddering in the most frightful manner; ‘and yet the ghost of the murdered Dives, murdered by these hands, lies still, while I have

or ever did occur intentionally, had better be concealed; but surely it would be an affectation of innocence, in an age where the laws of virtue are not very strictly adhered to, for any person, who is old enough to know that there is a difference between vice and virtue, to pretend to think that such marriages do not frequently occur; and may it not be reasonably hoped, that pointing out the possibility of their taking place as the consequence of a vicious life, will be favourable to virtue.

known neither rest nor peace since my sight was blasted by the infant which she held in her arms; and yet it looked like any other child, and smiled at me as I passed; but it is, there is perdition in the bare thought, it is like the father of them both. My brain burns. This child will appear one day against me: there is no hope for me, I cannot be saved.'

"My mind was in a state little short of utter despair; and yet it was my duty to try to speak comfort to this unfortunate and guilty being. I stammered—I hesitated—I began, in as soothing a manner as my feelings would allow, to say, that the greatest sinners might hope for forgiveness, if their repentance was sincere. 'Cease your canting,' said he, with the most frantic violence: 'you know that I never can be forgiven.' And then he implored me not to leave him; which I did not do, till, on his fancying that he saw the child in its mother's arms, he fell into convulsions, which left him in a state which I mistook for the quiet of death. .

“ The feelings with which I returned to my own home no words can do justice to. The diabolical means by which the happiness of the innocent family of the Wrights had been destroyed, (though shocking in itself,) was nothing when compared to the misery which awaited the wretched Edward, when he should learn the near relationship of his wife, and be forced to look with horror on his children, who had hitherto been the pride and delight of his life. My head reeled as I thought of it. I shut myself up in my own room, that I might have time to consider what I could do to break this dreadful connexion; to separate a fond husband from a faithful wife, and oblige them to dread the sight of their own children, as they would the scorpion’s sting.

“ I had sat for an hour without being able to come to any resolution, when my door was burst open, and Edward, with his eyes glaring, his mouth parched, and his face the colour of death, threw himself at my feet. For a moment I wished the earth to open and swallow me up; I even made an effort to escape from



the sight of this heavily afflicted child of misfortune. He held me back, and, as well as his parched tongue would permit, he ~~uttered~~ <sup>stuttered</sup>, ‘*A request, I have a request to make.*’ I felt it a momentary relief to think that there was yet *one* thing in the world that he could ask, and I could grant. I brought water, and wetted his parched mouth, assuring him, with tears which I could not restrain, that whatever he asked I should grant. After agitation, which I thought must have brought on the dissolution of so weak a frame, he said, ‘Let me die, Master, in the garret I used to sleep in, when I was innocent.’ “Do not let me hear you talk,” I replied, “of when you *were* innocent as *past*: you *are* innocent still, but unfortunate.” He squeezed my hand, and said, ‘Master, let me have my own way a little while, and don’t let any one see me, nor don’t let there be any light.’ But to what purpose am I harrowing up your feelings and my own; suffice it to say, that what I could say I did, to reconcile this innocent creature to see the light, of which he thought himself unworthy.

By degrees I brought him to let sufficient light into the room to admit of his reading the books I recommended, as likely to bring comfort to his troubled mind. I carried him the little food he eat myself, that I might not afflict him by exposing him to be seen by any other human being. His agitation for some time always seemed to increase so much, on my entering into any thing like conversation with him, that at last, in pity to his feelings, I used to leave his food, and retire without attempting to speak to him. At length he seemed more composed, and asked me one day for pen, ink, and paper, which I brought him; and the next day he gave me the following letter:

“Dearest and best of Masters!—The only comfort I could have in this life, is hearing you speak; but the fright I suffer, lest you should mention any one to me that I ought not to think of, is so great, that you have perceived my trouble; and with your usual goodness you have ceased to speak, afraid of bringing back those dreadful tremblings.

“ You look more unhappy, dear master, than you used to do, and I am sure that it is about me. Do not be unhappy about me, I am not so wretched as you think. You say that I am innocent; and ought I to doubt what comes from your lips? I feel that I have not long to live; and when I am sure that my hour is come, then shall I be happy, even in this world—for the next, how can I fear, when I know that GOD is good and merciful; and that you, my revered master, say that I am innocent. If you would promise that you would never tell me whether any body is living or dead—you understand me, dear Master—I should not then tremble so before you, who are all kindness. I give you too much trouble to bring me food, which now I cannot earn; but you will have patience with me. Pray let the old woman leave it at the door, and do not carry it yourself. All I ask in the world is, to stay in this garret, and for no one but yourself to know that I am alive. I look round me sometimes, and fancy I am your servant still; and when I sleep, I dream

that I am getting ready your things, and that I shall answer your bell when you ring it: but I ought not to think of any thing but the world to which I am going, and that you have taught me, I may yet be happy in. We shall meet there, dear Master, though there *must always be a wide difference between us.*"

I wrote, to save myself the agitation of speaking, and assured him he should never hear a syllable on the subject, of which I should be as averse to speak, as he could be to hear. From that time he became much more tranquil: the old woman, on whose secrecy I can depend, and who cleans out his room, and takes him his food, never sees him, as he retires always to a little loft over the garret, before she enters. During the two years he has led this life, his flesh has wasted, and his strength decayed; but still life lingers in his weak and wasted frame, while it flies like an arrow from a bow from those whose outward form and comeliness would give an idea that years and years might elapse before it would quit its hold.

In the haste with which I have written, I forgot to mention that the wretched Richards had not been dead, when I supposed that he was. He revived soon after missing me ; complained that I had left him before he could confess his earliest crime, which it seems, from what I could gather from those around him, had been stealing a child, to revenge himself on its father ; he desired all present to witness that with his dying breath he declared that he did not murder it, but swam with it to shore, and left it safe on a rock ; that he had told you so, Madam, but that you would not believe him.

“ This must have been the effect of a dis-tempered imagination in the man, or a misapprehension in those by whom he was surrounded ; this last is most probable, as his articulation was so imperfect, that I understood him myself with much difficulty. They offered again to go for me ; he said, ‘ No,’ that the only person he wanted to see now was Edward Ferin, to warn him of an evil course of life. No one understood what he meant by

this, but supposed him delirious. When Edward came, he desired to speak to him alone; and expired, at the moment he had revealed to him the fatal secret. Edward lay senseless on the floor for some time: when he came to himself, and that the dreadful communication rushed on his mind, he quitted the house, and came to me, in the situation which I have already described. Whether he met his wife on the road, and betrayed the frightful truth, I have never learned; the body of this wretched partner of unintentional guilt, was found the next morning in the canal, at some distance from the place where they lived; and from the testimony of a woman, who gave the most positive evidence that she saw her throw herself into the water; and from stones found in her pockets, the Coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of suicide.

“ I now come to the motive, Madam, which induces me to trespass so long on your time and patience. A physician, whose directions I have followed in the medicines I have administered to lessen the sufferings of my poor

prisoner, assures me, that, from my statement of his case, a few days, perhaps hours, will free his spirit from the load of life. There then remains a duty to be performed, and a most imperious one on the family to which you belong; those children must be provided for. I am unequal to the task; my nerves and health have suffered severely by the constant, heart-rending sight, which I have every day thought it my duty to witness—of their father's wretchedness. I cannot undertake the care of these children; I cannot even bring myself to see them, though I have had them tended with the utmost care; and the gift of your niece will enable me to continue to do so, till something is determined on for their future life. I should get the better of this weakness, if they ought to be any longer dependent upon me, or if I could afford to pay for their education in some other country. Their situation calls aloud for their being removed to some far distant corner of the earth, where their principles should be attended to, and where they should be kept above want.

Their story is as yet unrevealed in this country; but I do not know the hour when it may become the public talk; those children may then hear of the infamy, the uncommon infamy attached to their birth. If they become degraded in their own eyes, by knowing that they are objects of horror with their fellow-creatures, who can answer for the effects. To practise virtue so totally without a hope of the approbation or the esteem of any one individual, would require a more exalted character than falls to the lot of many of the human race. By common consent they will be the outcasts of any society they are known in.

“It therefore becomes a work worthy of you, Madam, to induce the immediate relatives of the late Mr. Walwyn, to assist in raising a contribution sufficient to send these two children to some distant country; with such precautions, that they shall never have the smallest suspicion of their own misfortune, and where they may be educated to lead a life of virtue, in whatever state they are placed.



“ Any assistance I can give, I shall give most willingly ; and feel it a comfort that I neglect no duty, nor do them no injury, by never seeing them.

“ Believe me that I have performed a duty, which I have found most painful, in forcing such disclosures on one, for whose character I have a high respect.

“ Before I conclude, allow me, in my office of comforter, to point out to you that the whole of the misery which I have been obliged to describe, was not *wilfully*, or with intention, occasioned by Mr. Walwyn. It was the consequence of the life he led ; and who can lead what is falsely called a life of pleasure, and feel certain that such dreadful connexions may not be the consequence. Believe me, Madam, your sincere and obedient servant,

“ J. HALL.”

[When the Irishman speaks in the foregoing letter, we have given his own words, instead of the language in which Mr. Hall writes.]

## CHAPTER VIII.

**O**N reading the recital of the effects of a brother's crimes, it may easily be supposed that Mrs. Mordaunt was most painfully agitated; but from the moment she came to the mention of her own name connected with a child not drowned, but left on a rock, all her feelings were absorbed in the idea that her child might still live. Connecting the words which she had heard the night we have already mentioned, with the confession, to the same purpose, of a man so immediately in the neighbourhood as Richards, she was convinced that the warning voice had come from him, and, in agitation of mind scarcely to be conceived,

and impossible to be described, she sent to Mr. Hall, to request that he would immediately come to her. She unfolded to him the circumstances of her voyage to India; the loss of her child; the voice which she thought she had heard, as well as her reasons at the time for supposing she might have been mistaken; and requested him most earnestly to see the poor woman with whom Richards had lodged, in order to ascertain whether there might not be something learnt from her, that would throw light on the subject; and also that he would inquire amongst his associates whether he had ever been abroad. The character of Richards had been so bad, and he had been so hated for the evidence he had given against poor Wright, that little could be gathered from his neighbours, except that he had, on first coming into the parish of Bevan, of which he was not a native, been employed as under gamekeeper to Mr. Walwyn; that a quarrel with his father, who was head gamekeeper, had once occasioned his leaving the country for three or four years. When he returned, he found

his father dead; and having been a favourite with the squire, was appointed by him to act in his place. On his death he had been discharged by the agent, and nobody knew whither he went. On his return to the country about two years ago, he said he had been living in the same capacity with a gentleman in Devonshire, who had been an intimate friend of Mr. Walwyn, and had frequently heard him praise him for his qualifications in keeping game. He seemed in but indifferent health, and had been observed by those who passed him (for few held any converse with him) to decay very fast, and latterly to look more like a spectre than a man. Nothing could be gathered from this, but that there was a possibility that he might have been abroad, between the time of his quarrelling with his father, and his return after his death to the service of Mr. Walwyn. On searching the ~~very few~~ effects which had not been sold to defray the expenses of his funeral, and which had been thrown aside as useless lumber, nothing was found which could throw the

least light on the subject, till just as as Mr. Hall had said that he thought all further examination was unnecessary, he saw a paper on the ground, which had been lying under some fishing-tackle which had been thrown out of an old box during the search, and on picking it up, found that it was a letter with Mrs. Mordaunt's name scrawled on it, tied to the end of a fishing-line, with a bit of lead fastened to it, as if to make it possible to throw it to a person at a distance, or into a window. It was so dirty and ill-written, that it was with difficulty that Mr. Hall made out these words: "Your child was not drowned, but left in safety on a rock; you were warned of this once before; you may now believe a dying man." This scrawl left not a doubt on Mr. Hall's mind, that Richards must have been instrumental to Mrs. Mordaunt losing her child; and that let its fate have been afterwards what it would, it was not drowned at the time they supposed that it had fallen out of the cabin window of the ship.

Feeling that there yet might be some proof of Richards having been abroad, Mr. Hall began to examine the box (out of which the fishing-nets had been thrown,) which seemed to be of an uncommon weight and thickness, and might therefore, he thought, have a concealed drawer in it,) he desired that some one might take a hatchet and break it up, but it proved it was thick and heavy only from the clumsiness of its make. Something shining attracted his eye, fastened between the joints of the box, he picked it out with his pen-knife, and found it only a soldier's button, with the number of the regiment he belonged to, on it; he put it in his pocket, and went to relate the success of his search to Mrs. Mor-daunt, who, to conceal her agitation, had pleaded a head-ach, to prevent her being obliged to join the rest of the party.

For twenty years she had looked upon herself as childless, no one circumstance ever having occurred to excite the smallest suspicion in her mind that her child had not been drowned. When restored to her senses at St.

Helena, she had resigned herself, uncomplainingly, to her loss ; and resignation to the will of Heaven had first calmed her mind, and afterwards taught her, as she looked around her, and saw how much of wickedness and misery there was in the world, to feel her child's safety from guilt and sorrow, with something like complacent satisfaction ; now it might be exposed to both, without principles, without friends ; depraved and wicked, it might forfeit that Heaven, a parent's care and instruction might have taught it to deserve. Mr. Hall felt the most sincere pity for the dreadful feelings by which her mind was torn ; he urged her strongly to recollect whether there was any person on board the ship (in which she went out to the Cape of Good Hope) whom her husband might have offended, as Richards had said his first crime was stealing a child, to revenge himself on its father.

After recalling to her mind every circumstance of their voyage, Mrs. Mordaunt said that she did recollect that when they were lying at anchor at Spithead, waiting for a fair wind, that on a

very dark night she had heard a great noise and confusion on deck, with loud cries for a boat to be let down immediately; and on enquiry was told that some one had fallen overboard, and would certainly be drowned, unless a boat could be got down in time to save them. Her husband being on deck at the time, no thought occurred to her but that he must be the person who had fallen overboard; she remembered that she had fainted, and when she recovered, found herself in his arms. He was very angry and much provoked at her having had such an unnecessary fright, and told her that a soldier (who was a noted good swimmer) had thrown himself overboard with the intention of deserting; that he had been the first who suspected his intentions, (the rest believing he had fallen from accident,) and therefore he had had a boat lowered, and sent in pursuit of him.

Mrs. Mordaunt having heard, through her maid, that the man had been severely punished, now concluded that this deserter must have been Richards (if he had ever been a soldier); and on Mr. Hall shewing her the button,



which he had found, she was the more convinced, as she remembered a detachment belonging to the regiment of that number going out under the command of an officer who was a friend of her husband's. It immediately struck Mr. Hall, that it might not yet be too late to learn whether the deceased had borne the marks of military punishment, by enquiring from the people who had prepared the corpse for burial; as if this was the case, it might naturally be conjectured, that Captain Mordaunt having been the person who was most active in securing his being brought back, might have been the cause of exciting the revenge which Richards said he felt to the father of the child, and which caused his stealing it from him. The poor woman with whom he had lodged, remembered to have heard her husband say, that if their lodger had ever been a soldier, that he should have thought, he had been punished many years ago, by the manner in which his back was marked; and now no doubt remained in the mind of either Mr. Hall or Mrs. Mordaunt, that her child had

been left alive on a rock at the Cape, from which she had sailed with her husband, two days after its supposed death.

When Mr. Hall had withdrawn, Mrs. Mordaunt determined to conceal the agitation she was in from Emma, who had gone out early in the morning on an excursion with Mr. Sterling and her sister, as she could not bear to add to the anxiety which she knew she suffered at Henry's absence: but to hide sorrow and agitation from the eye of anxious affection was not possible; and Emma, the moment she saw the hurried and perturbed manner with which her aunt received her, on her return, concluded that she must have heard of the fall of Henry in Spain. To satisfy her that this was not the case, could only be done, by confessing the real cause of her agitation. Emma participated in all her feelings, but found the same difficulty which Mr. Hall had experienced in striking out what plan of conduct had best be pursued, in order to ascertain whether there was any trace or record at the Cape, of a child having been found at the

time specified. The distance made it almost hopeless. There was but one plan which Mrs. Mordaunt could have adopted with satisfaction to herself, but that would have been ruinous to the happiness of her adopted child, namely, that of sailing immediately to the Cape herself; but Emma she knew would insist on accompanying her; and to take her away at a time when her lover's life was daily exposed to the dangers of war, she thought would have been the most cruel selfishness, and therefore concealed the wish within her own breast.

The anxiety of her mind brought on such a feverish restlessness and irritation, that Emma saw with agony that her aunt's life might be the forfeit, if something could not be done to soothe her feelings, and at once establish to a certainty whether her child had lived or not.

A physician whom Mrs. Mordaunt had sent for to satisfy her niece that her health was not affected, had recommended a sea voyage, and a warm climate, as he did not hesitate to say to Emma that her aunt was threatened with consumption, and that he saw no other means

so likely to save her as what he had mentioned.

Emma considered what she should wish to do in a similar situation, and feeling that nothing could satisfy her but going to the very spot where she heard that the child had been left, she urged Mrs. Mordaunt, with the utmost earnestness, to follow the physician's advice, in taking a long voyage to a warm climate, and, at the same time, gratifying the wish she knew must be so near her heart, of going to the only place where she could hope to find any trace of her child. But all her entreaties were in vain, till she at last declared that she never would be Henry's wife till she herself was convinced that her cousin was no longer living; nor would she consent to Mrs. Mordaunt settling any part of her property on her till it was ascertained whether there was not some one in existence who had a nearer claim.

“Nearer they might be, but my own child could never be dearer,” said Mrs. Mordaunt, throwing her arms round her neck. “And can

you, my dearest Emma, can you have resolution to leave a country, where you are within reach of hearing continually of your Henry's safety, to come with me in search of my lost child? My love for you has made me hesitate to do what I thought my duty. I will no longer deny that I feel my strength failing, and my health impaired, by the struggle; I know your affection, and could to-morrow, if I died, leave you my whole property in trust, to share equally with my child, (if the enquiries already set on foot should be successful in discovering him.) But the idea that he may be immoral, depraved, uninstructed in his duty, I feel will bring me to the grave. Could I but know that he had died a child, or lived to be virtuous, I could myself die contented."

Once the point was settled that they were to leave England, not a moment was to be lost, as the fleet for India was on the point of sailing. Mrs. Walwyn having no wish to take on herself the care of her daughter, shewed no absolute opposition to her accompanying her Aunt;

but tormented Emma by the most clamorous expressions of regret, that any thing so unlucky for her should have happened, as her cousin being likely to be found; ‘as she was certain,’ she said, ‘that Mrs. Mordaunt would no longer look upon herself as bound to provide for her, when she had any one else to whom to give her money. She had done very well without her son for more than twenty years, and she dared to say that he had done equally as well without her; and therefore it was quite unnecessary to go on a wild-goose chase, in search of one, whom she would not know if she was to see. For her part, she could never admire the great readiness which she shewed in going in search of a person, who, it would be such a material disadvantage to a niece she pretended to love, if he were found.’

Emma never opposed her opinions to her mother, because she felt that they neither of them understood each other. Her heart swelled with indignation at hearing her Aunt’s affection for her called in question; but she

had too high a sense of duty to enter into any altercation with a mother she regretted so bitterly that she could not love. Ellen was certain that both her aunt and sister were acting according to her strictest idea of duty; and, circumstanced as they were, she did not see how either could act differently. She understood more of duty, however, than of feeling; for she hung over Emma in the greatest amazement and consternation, when she seemed as if her heart would break, as she wrote a farewell letter to Henry, informing him of the necessity she found herself under of accompanying her Aunt to the Cape of Good Hope.

## CHAPTER IX.

**V**ANITY, though not one of our most guilty passions, may certainly be reckoned amongst the most greedy of them; and, in a mind like Mrs. Walwyn's, becomes a craving appetite, satisfied, however, with the coarsest food, provided it is but largely fed.

There was no flattery, however gross, which she would not have devoured with greedy ear, if she might, on the approaching wedding of Mr. Sterling with her daughter, have given occasion for it, by making a display to the whole county of her grandeur and hospitality. This was prevented by her intended son-in-



law insisting on the marriage being a private one. However, where any saving was to be effected, she was never quite inconsolable, and this arrangement answered her purpose in this one respect at least; and also by giving her an opportunity of expressing her regrets to all her friends, at her being prevented the pleasure of seeing them on the occasion at Rosy Park, always concluding by saying, “ I suppose poor Mr. Sterling, who has hitherto been reckoned a man of sense, indeed *I might* say almost a *literati*, feels so much ashamed of the absurdity of the match which he is going to make, that he is quite afraid of being made a shew of; and knowing that I have a taste for seeing my friends *in not quite a plain way*, he is afraid of me; and, indeed, I have always observed, that girls who marry very old men prefer their weddings being private. When *I* married, indeed, it was quite a different thing. I wished, as was very natural, that every one should know it; but then I married a man every way suitable. There are many reasons why poor Ellen could not expect to

make such a match ; yet still if she had not been in such a violent hurry, she might have done better. If it was a man only old enough to be her father, but really Mr. Sterling might almost be her grandfather. And it is very natural that I, as a mother, should feel a great deal at my child making such a match."

" If you were a mother," said she one day, turning to a lady who she knew was miserable at not having children, " you would know, my dear Ma'am, what I feel ; but you who never have had one, cannot even guess. I often say as the poet does, ' Butchers they talk because they have no children.' "

' I wish they could always allege so good a reason for their loquacity,' said Mr. Sterling, who at that moment joined them, ' and then I should not have a very heavy charge on my hands. My butcher, one of the most prating fellows in the world, has died this morning and left ten children. I don't mean by this to weaken your poet's position, that having no children renders butchers talkative ; on the contrary, this instance which I have mentioned

strengthens it, as there is no general rule without an exception.'

This was one of the axioms which Mrs. Walwyn never could understand, finding the same difficulty in comprehending it, that Mrs. Shandy had in regard to the rotatory motion of the world; "though she had been told a hundred times that the world turned round, she never could remember that it was so." Mrs. Walwyn's memory, or comprehension, were equally defective, where causes and their effects were discussed. All the effects which proceed from well-known causes, were classed by her under the head of *effects* which produce *causes*; and she never felt greater pride in her own mental powers, than when she declared, in a very decided tone, that a thing followed as naturally as the *cause* did from the *effect*.

Soon after Emma and her aunt had embarked for India, the marriage of Mr. Sterling and of Ellen was solemnized without any other witnesses to what Mrs. Walwyn persisted to the last in calling so *foolish a business*, except

their own family and an old friend of Mr. Sterling, who just arrived in time to take the place of General Little, who, though he had consented to prolong his visit to comply with Mrs. Walwyn's request of giving her daughter away, thought himself obliged to leave Rosy Park very suddenly. A most desirable saving to housekeepers had been advertised in the London papers. A large stock of table linen and sheeting of superior quality was announced to be sold by auction, without any reserve, and the public were urged, in the most forcible terms of which the language admits, not to lose an opportunity of laying out their money to advantage, and this on the very day that he was to act as father to the bride.

The thoughts of this sale, which would take place only two days before he must be in town, tormented, and at the same time, interested his feelings so much, that he pretended to receive letters of importance, which must take him to London; and with his obedient wife, (who, except when she presided at the tea-table, was never allowed to interfere in

domestic concerns,) did this veteran son of Mars drive off for the scene of action, with his head full of double damask, Hamburgh damask, diaper damask, and a saving of more than fifty per cent. by buying cotton diaper, for common wear; but,

“ The best laid schemes of mice and men  
     Gang aft a glee,  
 And leave us nought but grief and pain  
     For promised joy.”

After a life most assiduously devoted to trifles, and a firm persuasion that they ought to be made the business of it, while his spirits were in the highest state of exaltation at the intended effectual saving of a few pounds in a purchase of linen, the grim tyrant made his appearance, as regardless of trifles as of things of moment. He felt his power, and resigned himself to the awful fiat without a murmur, except one whispered in his wife's ear, “that, as she must be sensible of her own inability, he trusted she would leave the regulation of his funeral to his friend and executor, who he knew would have it gone through with that method

and exactness, of which she was not at all capable.”

The body was accordingly interred with such exactness, as some people thought was *almost sufficient to reanimate* the corpse. Mr. Sterling was applied to as a man of learning for a Latin inscription, which was all it wanted to satisfy the friendship of the executor. He complied with his wishes, and furnished him with an appropriate Latin sentence, for which Ellen contrived to substitute “*Vive la bagatelle* ;” and trusting to the ignorance of the executor, wrote in explanation, “that it was an ingenious kind of pun on the name of the deceased.” *Vive la bagatelle* might accordingly have been engraved on the tomb of the serious, methodical General Little, and might in future ages have served as a puzzle to the learned antiquarian, if it had not been prevented by Mr. Sterling discovering the substitution in time to prevent it.

## CHAPTER X.

**T**HOUGH Emma could not, by her utmost efforts, restrain the tears, (which to her sister Ellen appeared so inexplicable, and) which she had shed so abundantly over her farewell letter to Henry, she determined that she would give no farther proof of weakness, but devote her whole time and thoughts to Mrs. Mordaunt, who had appeared much more composed and happy from the moment that the voyage was determined on; but when she came to embark, the recollection of with whom she had made the same voyage more than twenty years ago, and the image of what her child then was, compared with what it now might be, made

Emma's task a very difficult one. She had to assume a cheerfulness which she did not feel herself, (one of the most painful efforts of virtue,) and endeavour, by every means in her power, to divert Mrs. Mordaunt's thoughts to other objects; but although she could seldom succeed to the utmost of her wishes, she had the satisfaction of seeing, that the voyage appeared to stop the progress of all complaint, and that she was more tranquil than she had been.

As they approached the Cape, the storms they encountered were so dreadful, as to give the idea that certain death would be the fate of all on board. Often did Mrs. Mordaunt bewail, what she then called, her own great selfishness, in having permitted her niece to accompany her; but Emma assured her, that no power could ever have persuaded her to remain behind, and begged her to consider, as the greatest comfort she could have, that if Henry was to fall in Spain, that she should be saved by death from the misery of hearing of it. Contrary to their expectations they



landed in safety; and Emma exerted all her powers to keep her Aunt from sinking under the dread she had conceived of finding her child amongst the profligate and abandoned. The English merchant, to whom they had letters of introduction, was a young man of the most lively and benevolent feelings, who took such effectual means to find out whether any one then living at the Cape remembered a child having been found at the time specified by Mrs. Mordaunt, that if such a thing had happened, it was almost an impossibility that he should fail. When she pointed out to him the place where the ship had lain at anchor, he said that it was barely possible (supposing the man to be an incomparable swimmer) that he might have reached the shore, in which case the child would most likely have fallen into the hands of the Dutch, whose warehouses were the nearest buildings to the water. He went amongst those dull sons of care, but they were all too much occupied with their own profits and losses, to give up much time to such recollections. At last, an old Scotch woman

who over-heard his enquiries, said, “I dare to say the gentleman wants to ken something about the bonny bairn that she they ca’d Mistress Von Brandt found on the rocks, puir thing. It’s an auld story now, and every one tells it their ain way ; but mony a sair day she spent on account of the same chield ; for her husband was just a hard-hearted loon, and hit the bairn mony a blow, but for a that he was a happy chield, for she that’s gone loved him so that some of the neighbours cried shame, and thought he was just her own son, but she managed him her ain gate, and taught him to say his prayers, and read his Beeble, and sich like, and made him a pretty mannered douce lad as you’d wish to see—it’s no abune seven years.”

‘Did you ever hear her say what country the child came from?’ said Mr. Beattie, interrupting her.

“Troth, did’nt I; but the very day she cam by her end, she as gude as said he was come of gentlefolks; and sure enough he looked as if he had gude blood in his veins,

and might likely come from Scotland: the only little dud of clothes it had was a coarse kerchief, that did na look as if it belonged to the chiel, and had but one letter in the corner."

'Do you remember the letter?' asked Mr. Beattie.

"Troth do I; for it was just an R. as big as my thumb: Mistress Von Brandt kept it as if it had been a jewel: when she died, God only kens what became of it, for the puir lad was turned out of the house by the cross corf of a husband, Diel be in him; and I never heard what became of him after."

Mr. Beattie, though not perfectly satisfied, felt that his research of that day had been so far satisfactory, that he had heard that the child had been well educated for the first seven or eight years of his life. This was an inexpressible relief to Mrs. Mordaunt. The first seeds of virtue sowed in a good soil, she trusted that they had grown up and flourished; and with this hope, she found her mind relieved of half the weight by which it had been oppressed.

The letter R. having been on the handkerchief found lying by the child, and with which the person who swam with it to shore must have fastened it round his neck, did not leave a doubt on her mind as to its having been her own child.

The next day Mr. Beattie went amongst all the young men who he thought might have been playfellows of the object of his search, entreating them to recollect whether, seven or eight years ago, they had seen a child circumstanced as he described, without father or mother, and brought up by a Dutch merchant's wife. Several remembered him; several recollected that there had been such a boy, but had never seen him since his patroness's death. At last, a clerk that had lived with the husband a little before his wife's death, said that he had gone to India; for that he had seen him seven or eight years ago, with scarcely any clothes on, (having pawned those he had for food and lodging,) going down to embark with some young Cadets from England; and he remembered that they were

jeering and laughing at a very serious looking boy, who had sold his watch, in order to take the lad out with him; that at the same moment, an elderly, sickly-looking gentleman, called to the boy by name, and asked him how he came to be without a coat, and where he was going? He answered, that he was going to India with that young gentleman, pointing to his newly-acquired patron. The old gentleman, on enquiry, finding that so young a lad had, from pure compassion, sold his watch, to take out a poor forlorn child with him to India, pulled out his own watch, and gave it to him, with a purse that seemed well supplied; and desired him to clothe his little protégé, who had been brought up by an excellent woman of his acquaintance. He also asked him his name, and situation in life; and finding that he was going out as a writer, gave him a slip of paper, on which he wrote with his pencil, and bade him give it to the Governor on his arrival, and that he would befriend both him and his young friend.

“ Had you any particular reason,” said Mr. Beattie, “ for noting in your memory so accurately what happened to this boy ? ”

The Clerk replied, ‘ that though too poor to have befriended him materially himself, that, if he had known he was in want, he should have always shared whatever he had with him, on account of the love and gratitude he felt to his employer’s wife ; and on her account, that it gave him the greatest satisfaction to see that her favourite was likely to do so well, and was going to India with a recommendation to the Governor, which he thought was the sure road to making his fortune ; that he had enquired for him frequently from people coming from India, but without success, on account of his not knowing the surname that the boy might have assumed. While he was at the Cape, he had only been known by the name of Abby, which was what he had called himself, (when-ever he was asked his name) on his first being found : he added that he had often heard Madame Von Brandt say, that she should die contented, if she could restore little Abby to

his parents, and to the rank in life to which she was certain he was born ; for though the handkerchief which was found by him was evidently belonging to a person of the very lowest rank, that the beautiful order in which the child's hair had been kept, the delicacy of his skin, and the strong reluctance with which he submitted to their putting him on coarse clothing, convinced her that his parents were in the upper rank of life.

Mr. Beattie now judged that his enquiries had been as successful as he could expect them to be, and returned to Mrs. Mordaunt, who felt increased hope, from every word he had to relate ; but when she heard the name of Abby, to which she had so often listened with delight, (when pronounced by her precious child,) she was so overcome that she burst into tears. When she recovered herself a little, she turned her languid eyes on Emma, and asked her, whether she could make a still further sacrifice, and accompany her to India. Her niece was not of a disposition to feel for herself, when she saw one, whom she loved

with such filial piety as she did her aunt, in such agitation.

To renounce for a still farther time hearing of Henry, could not fail of inflicting a pang; which she however completely concealed, and said with the utmost cheerfulness, that she should be quite hurt, if Mrs. Mordaunt supposed that she did not now feel as great an interest in going to India, as she could possibly do; for that if her cousin was found, he would naturally be the relation for whom she should feel the strongest interest. Mrs. Mordaunt sailed to India with a lighter heart than she had known, since she had heard the confession of Richards. Emma had read papers of a later date by a month than the last she had seen in England. There had been an engagement in Spain, but Henry's name was not amongst the killed or wounded. Just at the moment of their sailing, she had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from him, which had been forwarded from Portsmouth, written a few days after she had left England, and before he knew of her departure for the



Cape, in which he told her, amongst other things, that he had met with a young man of the name of Howard Walwyn, who had introduced himself as a relation ; that his father's name had been originally Howard, but that he had taken the name of Walwyn on inheriting the very great landed property entailed on her father's male heirs.

He continued, “ He gave me very strong proofs that he and I were relations, which was very agreeable to me to hear, because I like to think, that if he is right, we must be related too. We were growing great friends, but he was unfortunately killed yesterday, when out on a foraging party ; I do not know when I was so pleased with any one on a short acquaintance ; he talked a great deal of both you and Mrs. Mordaunt.

This was the same young man, of whose merits Mrs. Mordaunt had wished so much that Emma had been sensible. He had gone on half-pay, on becoming next heir to so large a property as his father had inherited ; but when disappointed of Emma, he had deter-

mined to go into the army again, in the hope of forgetting, in the pursuit of fame, a passion which he could not conquer in idleness. They were both affected at his death. Mrs. Mordaunt regretted that her niece had not returned his affection; and Emma, while she shed tears for the untimely end of a person who had been so partial to her, shuddered when she thought how very soon it might be Henry's fate.

We shall now take our leave of Mrs. Mordaunt and her niece; and while they pursue their voyage to India, take that opportunity of reciting other matter necessary to the development of our story.

## CHAPTER XI.

**Y**OUNG Howard Walwyn, whose death has been mentioned in the last chapter, was the last of three sons who had all died within four years. Let not the reader, however compassionately inclined, throw away one thought of pity, or prepare to shed one tear, for the now childless Mr. Howard Walwyn. In a world of mixed pleasures and pains, where the rose is seldom found without a thorn, he had discovered a happiness for himself, which made him independent of all sublunary pains or gratifications, excepting those that originate in the kitchen. Before he ever dreamed of inheriting a fortune such as he now possessed, he married his

cook, in a transport of admiration at her dressing the best beef-steak he had ever tasted. She had a real genius for cookery, made him a pleasant wife as well as cook, and bore him three sons, who in nothing resembled their parents; and who it might have broken any other heart to lose, than that of this stoical philosopher.

To record a trait of ingratitude is always a disagreeable task, but one that those who paint from real life must not shrink from. When Mrs. Howard Walwyn died, notwithstanding her having made an affectionate wife, as well as excellent cook, for upwards of thirty years, her husband only said, it was very well she did not die before he got a fortune, which made him independent for the rest of his life of all *female* cooks: he would now keep the best male cook that could be had for money. He happened to be lucky in his choice, for it was supposed that he had the best in England.

It is an odd thing, that when eating is the predominant passion, it seems to swallow up every other, and brutify the human character

more than on a first consideration one should be inclined to believe. We do not mean to say that all epicures are brutes, or that some of the pleasantest companions in the world are not epicures; we only mean to say, that where eating is the *sole* enjoyment, when, like Pharaoh's lean kine, it swallows up the fat, there is seldom much that is human left in the character.

Mr. Howard Walwyn heard of the last of his sons falling in Spain at a lucky moment. The same messenger that brought the fatal intelligence, brought also the finest pike that had been seen that season. A few tears were soon dried; when it became a question how this pike should be dressed, and the anxiety to know whether it would be muddy or not, gave a happy turn to his thoughts. Two chosen friends had been invited to partake of this expected treat. He thought it better not to mention his recent misfortune before dinner, as it would only be a restraint on the conversation; which, when these three friends met, might well have been mistaken for so many

pages of *L'Almanach des Gourmands*, only not spoken with so much spirit as they are written. The gayest scenes of enjoyment in this world are often followed by moments of the greatest depression. After a meal, which *which left nothing to be wished for*, Mr. Howard Walwyn's spirits fell. Medical philosophers would attempt to account for this physically. We can only express our belief, that, let it proceed from what cause it will, there is no moment at which a glutton's mind is so tuned to sorrow, as when digesting a heavy meal. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the character of this votary of the kitchen, to say positively whether the load of grief which he said he laboured under after dinner, might not be more on his stomach than on his mind. Be that as it may, he certainly appeared to be very unhappy, when he told his brother epicures that his only remaining son had fallen in Spain. "This ale, too, has made me confoundedly uncomfortable. It is a hard thing," he added with a sigh, "that I should like malt liquor beyond any thing, but that I

can never take it without these uneasy feelings. I am now without an heir, and hardly know to whom these fine estates will go. Well, whoever gets them, when I am gone, will never be at a loss for the finest game I ever saw, and that is an unspeakable comfort; and such carp and tench! My poor boy that is gone would not have known how to value those advantages; for I used to tell him, poor fellow, that he never was thinking of what he was eating or drinking; that he merely eat like one of his own horses."

The worthy divine, who sat on his right hand, was one of those lucky hard eaters, to whom the horrors of digestion are softened by sleep. He was now, in the words of the poet, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey;" while the other friend, who was rather a dependant, was doing his utmost to frighten away "nature's soft nurse," by blowing his nose, and taking snuff. 'I think,' said he, 'I have heard the next heir is Henry Howard, son to a lawyer of that name. I remember perfectly well, that when Mr. Walwyn, the Squire as he

was generally called, died, the family man of business told me there were but four lives between a fine boy of that name, whom he pointed out to me, and the estates which had been so strictly entailed in the male line: three of those lives are now gone.' This was uttered in a drowsy tone; and we relate it for the information of our readers, as Mr. Howard Walwyn did not remain awake to hear it. The three friends then all slept in concert for some time.

When the master of the feast awoke, after uttering some imprecations against malt liquor, and saying, with a look of despair, that he believed he must renounce it altogether, he asked his friend, "What it was that he had been saying about the next heir? But why should I trouble myself," continued he, "when the law will settle all that? If you have a mind to taste the pike again, my cook dresses the most incomparable fricassée of fish, in a light paste, you ever tasted: I cannot help thinking sometimes that it is even better than the first day."



Soon after this scene, these three friends met again. It was not "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul:" the feast was of turtle, and the flow of lime punch, to keep the lips moist, in order that the gluiness (of which no man of sense could wish the turtle deprived) might not fasten up the lips, before the moment of repletion. It could not be attributed to malt liquor, as that day he refrained from drinking any. It might, perhaps, be owing to the lime punch, which kept his lips unsealed too long; be that as it may, the fact is certain, that he fell down in an apoplectic fit: an awful lesson to all eaters of turtle, and by none regretted so much as by his two companions, who, taking up their hats, left the house mournfully, regretting to each other, as they went home, that they should never eat such dinners again; and wondering what would become of the cook, who was certainly a prime fellow.

Henry, by the next packet that sailed for Spain, received a letter from the family lawyer, to inform him, that Mr. Howard Walwyn had

died suddenly, (having previously lost his three sons;) that his large estates devolved on him as next heir-male; and added, that he hoped he should have the honour of giving him the same satisfaction as a man of business, that he had always given to his predecessor, &c.

It would be difficult to describe the tumult of delight in Henry's mind at receipt of this letter. He might now call Emma his own, without feeling that he could not support her as she deserved, and no longer had reason to dread any opposition from her aunt. He lay down in his tent, but not to sleep; his mind was in too great agitation to admit of repose. A general engagement had been expected for some time, and Henry determined in his own mind that he could not return to England till it was over. He should then be able to leave the army with a consciousness that he had done his duty; and yet to risk his life, and the happiness of Emma and his mother, at such a moment!— A beat to arms at day-light saved him the trouble of farther reflexion. A general engagement took place,

and was hardly contested on both sides: Henry behaved in the most gallant manner: he was to be seen every where, carrying the orders of his General, and, under the hottest fire, acting with such coolness and courage, as excited the warmest approbation of all who saw him. Just as the third horse he had had shot under him, in the course of the day, fell to the ground, a shout of victory proceeded from the English troops. The French had commenced their flight; and now, although surrounded by the dead and the dying, a thought of Emma stole across the mind of the youthful hero; he felt satisfied that he had done his duty; and that he could now leave the army with that eclat which is so dear to a soldier. After every direction had been given for the assistance of the wounded, he communicated the extraordinary intelligence he had received the day before to his General, who sincerely congratulated him on his good fortune. “You are lost I see to the army,” said he, with a sigh; “but I rejoice that your conduct this day has raised your character so

high. You shall be the bearer of my dispatches; of which, to tell you the truth, I had little hopes when I saw you so often in danger to-day. I cannot conceive how you escaped; the next heir, whoever he is, was certainly greatly out of luck."

While the dispatches were preparing, Henry had the gratification of receiving the congratulations of his friends on his conduct and good fortune, and spent so animated an evening in the society of friends, by whom he was greatly beloved, that he could hardly repress a sigh, when he recollected that he was going to leave for ever a profession of which he was so fond, and friends by whom he was so much beloved. Willing himself to be the bearer of such delightful news, he did not write to inform either Emma or his mother of his good fortune: his disappointment was great on perceiving, as he drove up to Mrs. Mordaunt's, (whose house he must pass in going to London,) that it was shut up, and that a strange servant who answered the door, said that the ladies who had lived there for-

merly were gone to India. This was so improbable, that he hardly gave it a thought, but felt beyond measure vexed at finding they were not at home ; though he could not have remained with them more than a few minutes. He drove on in his carriage, which, at the different inns at which he stopped, had been almost converted into a bower of laurels ; and the next time he changed horses, wrote a few lines to his mother, to tell her of the result of the battle, and of his own safety ; and also to Emma, to say, that he supposed by Mrs. Mordaunt not being at home, they might be at Rosy Park, but could not stop a second time, as the dispatches of which he was the bearer were of great importance, and would secure him the rank of Lieut. colonel.

## CHAPTER XII.

**T**HE impression had at first been slight that *had been made on Henry's mind, by the servant saying that the ladies were gone to India;* but as he reflected on the circumstance of any event having obliged them to leave a place, of which Mrs. Mordaunt was so fond, that he had often heard her say, she hoped that Emma might live in it after her death, he grew uneasy; and the moment he had delivered his dispatches, he proceeded to Mrs. Mordaunt's banker, who confirmed the fact of her having taken her niece to India, adding, "She will cause a great sensation amongst the Nabobs, I make no doubt. We may be very

certain, that she will not return Miss Walwyn to Europe." Henry could have patience to hear no more; but throwing himself into a carriage, arrived at Mr. Sterling's door in the greatest agitation.

Hearing the circumstances which had occasioned their going to India, and that Emma had written fully to explain her reasons for making so great a sacrifice of her own happiness, in some measure relieved his mind; but still she was out of his reach, might die of the fatigue and anxiety of the voyage, fall a victim to the climate, be drowned on her passage; in short, there was no evil which could occur, that he did not fear might prevent his having the delight of seeing her again, and communicating to her his good fortune. Mr. Sterling and Ellen tried all they could to raise his spirits, but found it impossible. The man of business, who had written to advise him of the death of Mr. Howard Walwyn, tormented him by questions of what he should wish to be done; rode with him over estates, too vast to excite interest in one whose happiness was not

centered in a rent-roll; wearied him to accept of such and such proposals for land, and reject others, to which he could see no objection. His land-steward wanted him to determine on improvements, which he would not have cared about if they could have been made by a wish; talked of the necessity of spring-guns and men-traps in the demesne, (a sort of warfare quite out of Henry's line); till he used to take refuge in some quiet corner of a house which he thought absolutely dismal, and said, "it was enough to give any one the blue devils to think what a length of time had elapsed since it had been subject to either attack or defence, or any thing that could excite the bustle which he felt would be of use to him.

After some little time, finding all the troubles of an overgrown property ready to overwhelm him; and that his own state of mind prevented his enjoying any of the pleasures of it, (except while making a large settlement on his mother;) he told Ellen that he was determined that he would go back to the Peninsula, and follow up his military career, till Emma's



presence in England had him more sensible of the happiness of being so much a richer man than he had ever dreamt of being. He accordingly set off immediately on receiving a letter from Emma, written at the Cape. From what she told him, he thought the expectation of finding young Mordaunt less romantic than he had at first thought it, but the probable time of their return more remote than ever.

To those of our readers who have little or no fortune, and whose greatest ideas of happiness are consequently centered in the possession of a large one, this must appear enigmatical, and every one of them will be ready to designate Henry as a fool, for looking with indifference on such princely possessions. But before they can decide finally on this point, they must consider that, as our capacities for enjoyment are limited, the most boundless wealth cannot give us an enjoyment beyond that limit. In the same manner that the skilful physician takes into consideration the peculiarities of his constitution, before he prescribes for a patient, an author is bound to

reflect on the capability for enjoyment, and the ruling passions with which he has endowed (if the character be fictitious) those to whom he would impart the fullness of content.

Henry had two predominant passions, love and war; without enjoying the first, or distinguishing himself in the last, "his soul was on the rack, the rack of rest." "To souls most adverse, action all their joy." To make a man so constituted, and under such circumstances, only a great landed proprietor, would be adding as little to his happiness, as it would be to cut the wings of the soaring lark, and supply it with ten times more food, and ten times a larger space to build its nest in, than it had any occasion for.

Employment is the only real good for a mind in expectation of a slowly-coming happiness; and had Henry inherited a small estate, and an improveable place, he would have found occupation in every embellishment it required, or of which it could admit, that would have saved him from the demon of idleness, and kept his mind pleasantly en-

gaged, with the idea that every thing he did would either contribute to the comfort of the person he loved, or be a gratification to their taste. By this means he would have enjoyed much of the pleasure that awaits mutual love, by anticipation. The natural pleasures of life are those which are most enjoyed, by persons who are under the influence of the natural passion of love. It is then that rural life is so pleasurable to the feelings, that the honey-suckle, the violet, the sweet-briar, and the rose, appear to bloom as if to increase their owner's happiness, and shed a perfume on their loves. To those really in love, there is an appearance of exclusiveness in a small dwelling; it seems as if it was made with a reference to the happiness of two, who are the whole world to each other, that never can be found in a magnificent pile of building, spacious enough to lodge half the county.

This, amongst other reasons, has determined us to touch so very slightly as we have done on the passion of love. At this moment, that truth obliges us to paint Henry in the

very place in which his Emma first drew her breath, and which would afford such opportunities in sentimental descriptions, we can make nothing of his tender feelings. The castle is so large, his eye can run over such an immense tract of hills and dales, and valuable timber of his own, that he ought to have a giant's wants and a giant's wishes to feel that they are necessary ingredients in happiness.

But surely the advocates for large fortunes might say, there must be shrubberies, there must be flower-gardens, at Walwyn Castle, where a man could think of his mistress with as much tenderness as in any little scrubby, shabby place. No, my dear reader, he could not; for the gardens and shrubberies were all on so extensive a plan, that they became objects merely of sight, not of interest.

We know that you would laugh, if we were to paint our hero riding or driving in a barouche and four, (a distance much too far for him to stroll in a lover-like manner,) to look at five hundred lambs on one of his farms, and in-

haling the sweet breath of a thousand head of black cattle. To look at these with an eye of pleasure, must be with a reference to the market; and then you might justly complain, that, after all, we had only painted one of the agricultural society: though sentimental description is not our forte, nor romance our foible, yet if we were to try to paint love, so as to excite a responsive thrill in every youthful bosom, we should rather take the thatched cottage, the murmuring rill, the early flowerets of the spring, the one little ewe lamb, than the spacious demesne, the countless herds, and magnificent chambers, of Walwyn Castle.

If to generalize weaken effect, and that it be necessary “to take a single captive,” in order to excite deep interest; why should it not be difficult to paint the happiness excited in the human mind, by the possession of means so little suited to its wants, and, in the case before us, so foreign to the possessor’s tastes and habits.

Mankind, it is true, do not run into the error of the frog in the fable, who fancied that he could blow himself out to the size of the

•x; but they run into one equally absurd; satisfied that they must remain the size they are, they still think they may increase their individual magnitude in the eyes of the world, by the magnitude of the accommodations they require. To effect this deception, an over-grown fortune is necessary; and what the world will think of us, instead of what we feel ourselves, becomes the great object. Hence, too, the immense theatres in which we can neither hear nor see, and where the tone and expression of all the finer feelings are lost.

If Shakespeare had had to write for Covent-Garden or Drury-Lane Theatres as they now are, and Garrick to tread their boards; the one might have given up painting those fine feelings, of which he had so keen a perception; and the latter must have felt that Nature's gifts to him were all in vain; that the passions which he could so minutely, so admirably express in his countenance, were out of sight; the tones of his voice, when thrilling with tenderness, were out of hearing; and his audience quite out of reach of the lightning of his eye.

According to the vulgar saying, if Mahomet will not come to the mountain, the mountain must go to Mahomet. When the human eye and ears are placed at such a distance from the stage, the object must (if possible) be made so as to reach them: to have any effect, Garrick must have painted an inch thick, that when he played Hamlet he might not be mistaken for the Ghost; and have spoken to his mistress in tones that would have endangered the drum of her ear, in order that the sound of his voice might reach his audience.

### CHAPTER XIII.

**B**EFORE the recital of our narrative allows us to follow Mrs. Mordaunt to India, it is necessary to give some account of Edwin Norton, whom some years ago she had sent out to Madras, with what we fear many of our readers would have thought a sermon in his pocket. Edwin did not view it in that light; we have already mentioned that he was not a boy of shining talents, but was the most grateful creature living, and had a steadiness, it might almost be said a sturdiness, in doing what he thought right, that made it vain to attempt to turn him from his purpose. He thought Mrs. Mordaunt the first of human beings. His friends, on parting with him,



had painted, in the liveliest colours, what his fate would have been, if she had not taken him by the hand—a poor, uneducated, forlorn creature; and compared it with what it might be, when he came home a great Nabob with a brilliant fortune. It shall never be made brilliant, he thought to himself, by any means but those recommended by the first of women; and he looked into his writing-case to see that her manuscript was safe, and could not restrain his tears as he saw her hand-writing, and thought how much he owed to her kindness, and what a tender friend she had been to his poor mother.

As the ship in which he sailed was obliged to remain a few days at the Cape of Good Hope, he took the opportunity afforded him by the delay to see as much of the country as he could. On his return from a long walk the day before the ship was to sail for India, he passed through a church-yard, where he saw a boy, some few years younger than himself, lying on his face on one of the graves, crying most piteously. “Never mind him,”

said one of his companions, "we [had better not be out too late in this land of Hottentots; there is no twilight here; the sun is near setting, and we may be murdered in the dark." Edwin repeated to himself the lines in the advice of his benefactress, (which he had frequently read over during the voyage,) "Never omit to do a kindness to a fellow-creature when in your power;" and resolutely breaking from his companions, went up to the grave, where the boy was lying, and sobbing as if his heart would break. He asked him, what was the matter with him?

Almost choaked with tears, he answered, "Oh! I am the most miserable creature in the world."

'I am sorry for it,' said Edwin, while his heart beat with violence, for he thought that he heard Mrs. Mordaunt's voice; 'tell me your grief, and I will do all I can to relieve you.'

"Oh! I am a thief," said the boy, "I am a thief; I do not deserve that any one should be sorry for me; I wish I had died this morning, before I was a thief: Oh! I wish I had been

buried here with my mother, before I stole any thing, and then I should have gone to heaven."

To hear the very sound of Mrs. Mordaunt's voice in such distress, affected Edwin so much that he could scarcely speak. At last he said, ' If you never stole any thing till this morning, you are not accustomed to stealing ; and your sorrow shews me that you will never be a hardened thief. What would pay for what you have stolen ? If it be a trifle, perhaps I may enable you to restore the value to the owner ; and I am sure you will never steal again.'

The boy jumped up, and said, " I durst not go by myself ; but if you will come, and put the money into a window that I will shew you, I will bless you all my life, and I will die with hunger rather than go near a baker's shop again ; for if I had not seen the bread looking so nice, and smelling so very pleasant, when I was so dreadfully sick with hunger, I should never have been a thief."

Not only the voice was Mrs. Mordaunt's, but every feature was the same. At the time

that Edwin had been with her, her spirits had been so low, that in the earnestness and energy of urging him to a life of virtue, she could seldom restrain her tears. The sorrow in the *boy's face made the likeness more striking.* Edwin could not bring himself to part from him; he put the price of the roll in at the window of the baker's shop, and then took him home to his lodgings, and asked him how he came to be in such poverty, as to be tempted to steal bread. He replied, 'that he had neither father nor mother; for the lady whom he called mother never had a child, but had found him when he was an infant; but she was better to me than any body's mother. But she died,' said he, with a fresh burst of tears, 'and her husband turned me out of his house, and for two days I had eaten nothing.'

Edwin put him to bed, and resolutely determined, let the inconvenience be what it might to himself, that he would support and keep this child from a life of wickedness, for his benefactress's sake.

It is not necessary to enter into a detail of all the difficulties he met with, which would have deterred most boys of his age. He found, on enquiry, that the cheapest passage he could get him, even to live on the hard fare of the common sailors, would exact the sacrifice of his watch; which he cheerfully made, to save any thing so like Mrs. Mordaunt from ever being again disgraced by crime.

It may appear romantic and extraordinary, that a boy should make such exertions from mere gratitude; but who that knows any thing of the purity of some natures in very early youth, must not have observed that there is an energy of virtuous affection at that time of life, and a degree of generosity of mind, that riper years seldom exhibit. Edwin felt that he owed every thing to Mrs. Mordaunt; and that, if it had not been for her, he might have wept with as bitter tears, as this boy had done, the first crime which poverty had tempted him to commit; and the rack could scarcely have forced him to give up his purpose.

The reader has already been made acquainted with the assistance which he met with from a gentleman, who had been formerly a friend of the Dutch lady, who had brought up his young protégé, and who was the same person that had been so curious (when he met *Ellen at Lady Bredwell's*) to know whether she had any relative at the Cape; certain, from the likeness, that there must be a near relationship between her and his Dutch friend's favourite.

We must now return to Mrs. Mordaunt and Emma; who, after a prosperous voyage, arrived in India. As they were landing, the latter saw, amongst the crowds that curiosity brought to see the arrivals from England, a remarkably handsome young man, who had so strong a likeness of Mrs. Mordaunt, and also of her sister Ellen, that she felt at the first impulse ready to start forward, and point him out to her Aunt, who was walking before her: but suddenly recollecting that he must be an inhabitant of the place, and that, therefore, she was sure of seeing him again, she repressed

her feelings, and enquired, in as unconcerned a manner as she could, of an elderly gentleman, who had given her his arm to help her into the fort, if he could tell her who the gentleman was whom she pointed out to him. "Come," said he, good-humouredly, (but Emma thought with too much freedom,) "we all know that young ladies do not come out to India in search of youth and beauty. The young man you have just taken notice of, will not be a fit object of enquiry for young ladies landing on these shores for these twenty years. Youth, beauty, and money, united, are not to be had in India." Emma felt offended, and said no more. "Now why do you not ask me who that gentleman is," said her companion, "who is getting out of that splendid carriage? He is worth enquiring about, for he has princely wealth; but I will allow you, that he is not so well to look at as my friend Abby, who is reckoned the handsomest young man in this part of India." When Emma heard the name of Abby, she supposed it might have been adopted by her cousin as a surname, from not

knowing what other to take ; and rejoiced at the time that was given her to prepare her Aunt for such a joyful termination to all her troubles.

The joy that sparkled in her eyes struck Mrs. Mordaunt the moment she saw her. She looked earnestly at her, and said, “ I am glad to see my dear child look so well after her voyage. The heat which has overcome me quite, has had a contrary effect on you, for you seem enlivened by it.”

‘ I never took notice,’ replied Emma, ‘ of the heat : I have been thinking how very lucky we have hitherto been in tracing out the history of my cousin ; and I have a most lively presentiment that we shall succeed to the utmost of our wishes.’

“ My love,” said Mrs. Mordaunt, languidly, “ you do not consider what a large part of the world India is, and how many a weary step we may have to travel, before we can find out where my son is, even should he be alive. I am quite discouraged, by finding that the Governor, to whom both he and his friend were



recommended, sailed for England two years ago; by which the most certain means I thought I had of finding him out, have failed me. So unusual a thing as a letter of recommendation written with a pencil, I thought could not have escaped the memory of the Governor; and I looked to it as a certain clue to the discovery of what had been their fate."

Emma replied, she thought it might still be a means of finding them out by advertisement; for that it was probable that the young men's memories were full as good as the Governor's; and that their own good fortune in getting such an unlooked-for introduction must have made an impression.

Just as she had finished speaking, a young man burst into the room in great apparent agitation, and said, "Is it possible? Can it be Mrs. Mordaunt, my benefactress, that I see here? What an unlooked-for happiness!"

Mrs. Mordaunt immediately recognized the son of her unfortunate friend Mrs. Norton; and besides the benevolent pleasure which she felt in seeing, from his gentlemanly appear-

ance and manner, how well he must have got on in the world since she parted from him ; she was delighted, while she observed the fervency of his gratitude, at thinking that he would be the most active agent she could employ in the search after her son. “ You have now an opportunity,” said she, in answer to his fervent protestations of gratitude, “ to repay me a thousand times for all I have ever been able to do for you. I come in search of a lost child.” Edwin started, and said, ‘ I thought you had no child.’ “ I had a son, but lost him when I was at the Cape of Good Hope. I have reason to know that he lived there for eight years, and then came to India.”

Edwin trembled so violently, that he could scarcely stand : he sank almost breathless into a chair. “ You are not in bad health, I trust,” said Mrs. Mordaunt. ‘ Not absolutely bad ; but I have never been very strong, and the heat to-day has overcome me very much. Will you forgive me,’ added he, ‘ if I withdraw ? You shall be certain of seeing me in less than an hour.’ He then left the

room so abruptly, that Mrs. Mordaunt said his manner quite alarmed her. Emma, who was convinced that she had seen her cousin on the beach, thought that he was gone to bring him ; and fearing that her Aunt's agitation might be so great as to injure her very delicate health, if some precaution was not used in preparing her for such a fortunate result to all her anxiety, began to express how very lively her own hopes were, that they should be successful in their search by means of young Norton ; and that she could not help feeling every time the door opened, as if she should see her cousin. " I must know him," she said, " from his likeness to some of the family."

A note was then delivered to Mrs. Mordaunt from Edwin, saying, that he had quitted her so abruptly, to prevent a friend of his setting out on an excursion into the country, as he was the only one he knew, about whose birth there was any mystery. A strong likeness to the family of his benefactress had always brought to his mind so many pleasing

recollections, that he had availed himself of an accident, which had first made them acquainted with each other, to cultivate a friendship, which had been the greatest comfort of his life. He requested that Mrs. Mordaunt would write down a brief account of the manner in which she lost her child, that he might shew it to his friend, and ask him whether it threw any light on the mystery attached to his own birth ; and ended by saying, “ if I could but prove him your son, what a treasure you would find him ! But I will not flatter, lest I should disappoint you.”

When Emma had written in answer a few lines, which were sufficient to give him the desired information, she prevailed on her Aunt to lie down on a sofa to recover herself from the effects of the agitation to which her very lively hopes had given rise ; and went herself to watch that the door might not be suddenly thrown open by any indifferent person. She saw on the top of the stairs the young man she had remarked on the beach, in close conference with Edwin ; who beck-

oned to her, and said, in the greatest agitation, "What shall I do to break to Mrs. Mordaunt that her son is here, so as not to kill her with joy." "Let me go to her at once," said his friend: "I die with impatience; joy never kills any body, or I should have died, when I heard I had such a mother." Mrs. Mordaunt at that moment opened the door, and found herself supported in the arms of her long-lost child.

"My prayers have been heard," said the grateful Edwin to Fanny; "I have repaid my benefactress. I have brought up her son by the principles she instructed me in, the rules she gave me to be the guide of my own life; and I do not boast too much in saying, that he is worthy of such a mother."

When the first tumult of joy had subsided, Mrs. Mordaunt learnt, with an interest no language can describe, the motives by which Edwin had been actuated in the care of her son, from his first meeting him in the churchyard; and his determination that nothing so like her as he then was, should be left to poverty

and crime, when he could help it. He related the circumstance of the old gentleman giving him his watch and purse, which, he said, enabled him to dress his young friend as he wished, and to put him on a footing with the rest of the young gentlemen going to India. That he had advised his taking the name of Abby, as a surname, as it might some day or other lead to a discovery of who were his parents. On their going to the Governor, to present him with the note of introduction, he gave them the kindest reception; and spoke of the gentleman who had written to him, as the worthiest of men; and for his sake he had patronized them so effectually, that they had both got on in the same line; and that no two young men in India had such good prospects. Their society had always been delightful to each other. They had frequently read over the manuscript of Mrs. Mordaunt together, and had determined in every thing to be regulated by the rules for conduct which it contained.

## CHAPTER XIV.

**E**MMMA's fears for her Aunt's life were now completely at an end. She saw her every day, with renewed health and animation, enjoying the society of a son, who seemed formed to be the pride and delight of her life. She soon began, however, to miss the agitation in which her own spirits had been kept, on Mrs. Mordaunt's account; and which had so fully occupied her mind, as to prevent her recurring to her own prospects, which were no way exhilarating.

Her promise once given to marry Henry, she knew that she should meet with no opposition to fulfilling it from her aunt; but she

also knew that it could no longer be an advantageous marriage, in a worldly point of view, for him; and though she did not doubt his attachment, she was uncomfortable at the disappointment it must be to him to marry a woman without a fortune sufficient to assist in supporting them both in the rank in which they were born. She shuddered, too, when she recollected all the misery to Mrs. Mor-daunt and her husband; which had been the consequence of an imprudent marriage; and if she had had less affection herself, and less trust in the fond affection of Henry she might have been capable of the generosity of releasing him from his promises, and giving him up for ever. She endeavoured, however, not to cloud her aunt's new-born happiness, and mixed in the society at Madras with as great an appearance of cheerfulness as she could assume. At first she was highly disgusted at the light in which she could perceive she was considered. A young and beautiful woman, it was taken for granted, would not have come out to India with an aunt, from any other view than



getting a husband; therefore every ~~man~~ whose wealth made the appendage of a beautiful wife desirable, looked upon it that he had a right to examine her qualifications, and prefer his suit.

*At first she felt inclined to repulse their addresses with marked displeasure, as she would have considered receiving any man's serious attentions as an infidelity to Henry: but finding that she was addressed only by middle-aged and old men, and that they seemed to form no expectation of inspiring love, she determined not to make herself disagreeable, by shewing dislike to their society, but as one wealthy suitor presented himself after another, she contented herself with waiting till they thought proper to urge their love, and then peremptorily, but civilly, rejecting them.*

To her great amusement she found out that one suitor succeeded another with the utmost coolness; that the one she had rejected seemed just as little dejected as the one that still had hopes; and she at last told Mrs. Mordaunt,

that she was certain that she was looked on in no other light than (an) as expensive piece of merchandize exposed to sale, and that her lovers felt no more, when they found they could not purchase her, than if they had gone into a shop, and taken a fancy to some article which they found on enquiry had been previously bespoken.

Mrs. Mordaunt had told her son, from the first, of Emma's engagement with Henry, to prevent his happiness being endangered by the captivation of his beautiful cousin. This might, and probably would, have succeeded, in a country where his attention had been called off by other attractive females; but at Madras it was impossible that Albert should think with interest of any one but Emma. All the young unmarried women he had ever known had passed him over without notice, their minds being entirely occupied with the object that had brought them to India. Confined circumstances in England, and all its frightful train of mortification, deprivation, and neglect, having induced them to quit the

worship of “Cupid, prince of gods and men,” to look to the more substantial gifts which Plutus has it in his power to bestow in India, they had no time to throw away a thought on one who had only in *prospect* the wealth they wished to have in *present possession*.

To a young and generous heart, just at an age to devote itself to one only object, there can be no vice more disgusting than avarice; though it must be allowed that the discrimination of young people in discovering this vice is not so great, that they do not sometimes mistake prudence for it.

Young Mordaunt was satisfied that Emma was perfectly free from what he had always thought the worst disposition a woman could have. He frequently talked to his mother of his great admiration of that pure, disinterested affection, which made her constant to so poor a lover as Henry; and declared that she must provide for her as if she was her own child; as he looked on it that she had a much better right to her fortune than he had himself, for that Emma had been contributing to her hap-

piness ever since she was born, while he had been as yet nothing to her but a source of regret and miserable anxiety.

Emma took great delight in the conversation of Albert, which, as his character unfolded itself, became more interesting to her. Every amiable sentiment, every sound principle she discovered, appeared as a security to her aunt's happiness, and while she professed and felt the tenderness of a sister, Albert fancied that nothing could be more brotherly than the affection he felt for her; but,

“ Under sweet friendship's sacred name  
 “ His bosom caught the tender flame;”

And before the fleet sailed for England, he was deeply in love.

The parting with Edwin Norton was the first real sorrow he had ever known. His friendship and regard for him had been heightened by finding that, in his whole conduct towards him, he had been influenced by the fervency of his gratitude to his mother; and nothing could have reconciled him to the separation, but a promise that the next

year he would obtain leave of absence, and visit him in England.

Nothing occurred during their voyage that was worth relating. It was marked by that uniform sameness so wearisome at sea. The passengers were mostly returning to Europe for health, and there was nothing sufficiently marked in any of their characters to afford any relief to that sameness. Mrs. Mordaunt saw, with feelings of deep regret, that Emma's health was much affected by the anxiety of her mind; and that her son, in spite of himself, betrayed at every moment that all her caution had been fruitless. He tried to persuade himself, and assured his mother, that all that was necessary to his happiness, was to see Emma united to the object of her affections; but when he thought of the probability of such an event taking place, his heart seemed to die within him. Yet still, when he saw the dreadful agitation which she suffered, as they approached the shore, he would have sacrificed every thing to have made her happy; he went off in a boat, the moment they cast anchor at Spithead,

and promised to be back, before they could be ready to go on shore, with all the news he could collect of the division of the army to which Henry belonged; but returned without any later information than that contained in a Gazette, published some months before, in which Henry's name was mentioned as having distinguished himself on General \*\*\*\*\*'s staff, and having obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He also brought a letter, which had been written a few days after his arrival in England from Spain, and which had been lying at the Post-office, from some mistake or informality in the manner of sending it. Henry had written, in the first agitation of his spirits, at finding that Emma had left England, and complained that his disappointment was the more bitter, because he had had something very pleasant to communicate, which would enable him to give up his profession, and prevent the necessity of their ever parting again. It is impossible to describe the delight that Emma felt on the receipt of this letter: she had not the most distant idea that Henry

was now the possessor of a splendid fortune. All her dreams of happiness seemed to her to be on the point of realization, if Henry was independent of his dangerous profession, and that she was not again to be separated from him.

To have known that they were jointly to enjoy the large estates of her ancestors, could not have increased the sweet delight she felt at thinking, that since he had written that letter, his life had not been exposed to the dangers of war; that she need no longer dread his name being added to the list of those whose lives had been sacrificed to keep down the ambition of a tyrant, who aimed at universal dominion; and that the last mention of him might be, perhaps, in the detail of some brilliant achievement, which would raise the British character for courage and heroism, while it destroyed her every hope of earthly happiness.

We have described Emma, even in her childhood, as having the strongest admiration for heroism; but, perhaps, there are no two

views of the same subject so different, as those taken of deeds in arms, by a female of sensibility, according as circumstances vary.

Before a woman's heart is fixed irrevocably on any particular object, her mind is raised at the recital of every thing that is heroic. When a hero falls, the cause in which he meets his fate is a glorious one; he dies fighting for his country; his tomb is covered with never-fading laurels; the earth which covers him is bedewed by the tears of those in whose defence he has fallen; his name will be immortalized; succeeding ages shall worship his memory; Fame shall blow her trumpet in his praise, with breath which can never be exhausted. Let a hero but fall in battle, at which side he will, and in the mind of a fair enthusiast it is always set down as in the cause of liberty: "'tis liberty alone that gives the flower of life its lustre and perfume; and we are weeds without it." They pity those as mean-souled slaves, who are not, like themselves, raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm at the recital of warlike deeds. But



mark what a change takes place, when a lover or a husband is exposed to the dangers of war. From that moment it appears to them, that the better part of valour is discretion. Their lovers, when they go into action, are simply going to be shot at: if they fall, they will be numbered with undistinguished heaps of slain, and when their names have been mentioned in the list of killed, they will be no more remembered; laurels planted round graves wither, and even if they are watered by the tears of beauty, they do not flourish. Fame, so far from having time to blow her trumpet in praise of youthful heroes, is totally occupied with sounding it in praise of the chiefs in battle, whose rank, age, and experience proclaim that the prime of life is past; and the only unfading laurel to be gathered seems to them to be entwined round brows that time has laid his hand on, and that are calculated to excite respect and approbation, not love. Peevish and captious, they even pick a quarrel with the cause which may be the means of depriving their husband, or their

lover, of life or limbs. It is no longer a war in defence of their own country, it is an invasion of another; many lives will be lost on both sides; widows and orphans will be made; peace is a blessing, and fame a bubble.

## CHAPTER XV.

**W**HILE the necessary preparations were making for their going on shore, Emma spent her time in the fond anticipation of a happy meeting with Henry. Mrs. Mordaunt, less sanguine, and not giving implicit faith to Henry's having given up a profession she knew he idolized, merely on his saying that "circumstances enabled him to give up his profession," sent a dispatch on shore to Mr. Sterling, requesting he would write to tell her, whether Henry was in England; and to let the letter meet her within a few stages of her own house, and be given to her when

not in the company of her niece. When the fatal letter was delivered, it contained only a few lines, to say, that, on such a day of the month, Henry had been killed, fighting at the head of his regiment, after having performed a service, which had decided the fate of the day; and that his commission had been given to the next in command. Mr. Sterling expressed the greatest tenderness for the feelings of Emma; and hoped, the moment she could admit of the idea of a distraction to her grief, that Mrs. Mordaunt would bring her to see Ellen, who participated, with real sorrow, in the unhappiness of her favourite sister. Mrs. Mordaunt broke the fatal intelligence she had to communicate, with all possible gentleness to her niece; but it seemed to open anew the wounds in her own heart, which time had healed. Albert, unused to scenes of sorrow, was certain that they would both die, and hung over them in speechless affliction.

Mrs. Mordaunt was restored to something like tranquillity, when Emma's life was no longer considered in 'danger from the fever

produced by the agony of mind which she endured. Rochefoucault says, “ Qu’il y a quelque chose dans les malheurs de nos meilleurs amis qui ne nous deplait pas ;” a maxim, which it is hard to understand, unless applied to such a situation as the one in which Albert was placed. He could not help hoping, that in time Emma might be prevailed on to admit of his love. The fervour of his manners when he addressed her, the animation of his looks, told her but too plainly his new-born hopes; but instead of creating a responsive flame in poor Emma’s heart, it made her feel a dislike, almost bordering on disgust, to one, whom she had hitherto had such pleasure in loving as a brother. She was tormented and irritated with the idea that her Aunt must have the same hopes that her son entertained; and, with a wish to escape from both their observation, that she might allow her mind to dwell uninterruptedly on her departed Henry, she proposed going to her sister Ellen, in hopes that she might recover her health by change of air, and return to her

Aunt in a temper of mind, which would enable her to contribute more to her happiness. Mr. Sterling and his wife were both shocked at the alteration in her appearance. In looking over the newspaper, the day after her arrival, the former saw the following paragraph, copied from a Dover paper, “ A report has reached us this day from the French coast, that the lieut.-colonel of the \*\*\* regiment was not killed, as was reported, but had been sheltered by a humane Spanish woman, who lived near the field of battle. His dread of being made a prisoner by the French has prevented his hitherto attempting to make known to his friends in England, that his desperate wounds have not proved mortal. It is further added, that, by the assistance of his friend, he has been embarked, in the disguise of a Spanish peasant, on board one of our English frigates.” Mr. Sterling, dreading to give rise to hope in Emma’s breast on so uncertain a foundation as a paragraph in a newspaper, concealed it from every one but Ellen. She had been greatly alarmed and afflicted by see-

ing her sister so changed, and, as is often the case with those unaccustomed to sorrow, she had not made any effort to check it. Grief, a most unusual and unwelcome guest in her breast, was most unceremoniously dismissed, the moment a hope could occupy its place. From the first suggestion that Henry might be alive, she entertained no fears for her sister's life or happiness.

Emma was surprized at the sudden change, but attributed it to the want of sensibility she had heard remarked by her aunt in Ellen's character, who now exerted all her powers to amuse her. A week passed without their hearing any thing farther of the report from Dover, notwithstanding the enquiries that had been made, when Mr. Sterling received a few lines from Henry himself, to say that he was travelling as fast as his recent wounds would permit, to his own house ; but should call on him first, in hopes of hearing something of Emma, who he almost wished might not yet have landed in England, as she would by that means have escaped the anxiety the

report of his death would have caused her. He did not mention any hour for his arrival; and when he came, Mr. and Mrs. Sterling were sitting together after dinner; while Emma, who had been particularly unwell all the morning, was lying on a couch in the drawing-room. She had just fallen into a sleep, when the door opening awoke her, and she saw, as she thought, the face of Henry, pale and emaciated, look towards her, but disappear before she could be certain whether she was sleeping or waking. He had opened the door in his search for Mr. Sterling, but had withdrawn, on seeing that some one was sleeping on the couch. The moment he opened the parlour door Ellen flew to her sister, lest any one should incautiously communicate to her Henry's arrival. She found her bathed in tears. She told her that she had been dreaming a confused dream of being again in India, when suddenly she thought Henry, looking as if he was dying, had appeared before her, on which she awoke. Her present low spirits were occasioned by her dream; and she would



endeavour to divert the recollection of the impression it had made, by listening to her, if she would read. “ I would rather talk to you at present than read,” said Ellen, “ for I have often thought of late, my dearest Emma, that you do not look upon the account of Henry’s death as quite certain; or, with your excellent principles, you would before this time have attained a state of greater tranquillity, and been more resigned to an inevitable evil.”

‘ Believe me,’ replied Emma, ‘ such a thought never entered my head, and I am even quite surprized at the suggestion. I am certain, that if I could but recover my health in ever so slight a degree, that I should have more command of myself, than to make every one I love so unhappy ; and now that we are speaking on the subject, tell me, my dear Ellen, all the circumstances of his death. I could not urge the subject to my aunt ; but I think I should be much happier, if I did not let my mind continually dwell on what may have been the circumstances attendant on it. You can--

not make me lower than I am this evening, therefore let me try whether freedom of communication on this subject will not relieve me at least from the agitation of always thinking that there is something concealed from me, relative to his fate. Perhaps he left a letter, or some memento of his love.'

Ellen was much affected, as she listened to her sister, and looked at a faded form, which, if seen in sleep, might have been mistaken for death. She considered for a moment, and then said, "my dearest Emma, the reason we have not spoken to you more fully on the subject is, that we dreaded awakening a romantic hope, which there is nothing to justify. My husband took every step that was possible, to ascertain the manner of Henry's death; but farther than his being supposed to have been killed when leading on his men, we never could hear. His body, we were told, was never found, though the love his men bore him was such, that they petitioned the general that commanded the division, that no corpse might be interred after the action, till they had given up all hopes of

paying the honour due to their beloved commander." Emma understood nothing from all this, but that the beloved of her heart had been attended by no one in his last moments, that could either comfort or assist him.

While she endeavoured to repress her sobs, Ellen hung over her with her face still wet with the tears which had been extorted by her sister's melancholy, but her eyes sparkling with such a lively expression, that had Emma looked at her, she must have suspected that there was 'more in what she said than met the ear.' "I would not," said Ellen, "awaken a hope for which I should never forgive myself, if it was to lead to disappointment. I know my own faults, and that one amongst them is, being so sanguine, that, were I a drowning wretch, I should, in catching at a straw, fancy that it was a plank that must take me in safety to the shore; and therefore I am not fit to talk to you: for though I wish to hide from you that I have a hope, I am saying what is most likely to inspire you with the same, and therefore I will leave you, and send my

husband, who, if he has a hope, at least it will be a rational one."

Emma caught at her sister's gown, but so feebly that it was not perceived. The confusion that was caused in her mind, at what her sister's conversation seemed to imply, was so great, that utterance was denied her. Mr. Sterling immediately took the place of his wife, and without waiting for Emma to speak, said, "I am afraid, by the agitation in which I see you, that my lively wife has been imparting to you some of the hopes which she has entertained of late herself, in spite of all my wise remonstrances."

'Then you know she has no reason to hope?'

"No, I do not say that I have not had hopes myself within these few days."

Emma caught his hand, "Oh, do not trifle with me!" said she, "why do you hope? what can have happened within these few days?" and quite overcome, she sank back upon the pillow.

When she recovered a little, Mr. Sterling said, "My dearest Emma, you have no fresh cause for sorrow; and if any thing has arisen

lately to stagger what we thought our well-grounded belief in Henry's death, I should hope, from your good sense, that you would command your feelings, so as not to injure your health, till we can come at the fact. To-morrow I hope to receive a letter which will throw light on those doubtful circumstances, which have given rise to such strong hopes in your sister's mind, and I must say in my own, though I had rather you had not found us out."

'Oh!' said Emma, 'I see in your face that he lives. You have always been the kindest creature in the world to me, and have never hitherto mentioned his name, afraid of distressing me.'

"Well," said Mr. Sterling, "if I have hitherto been so kind to you, my dear Emma, do you be kind to me, by endeavouring to keep yourself quiet, and waiting with patience till to-morrow. Till then I can tell you nothing farther with any certainty. I hear Dr. \*\*\* on the stairs, and will leave you, till he has paid his visit."

On consulting with him, he was of opinion, that as the idea had been awakened in his patient's mind of her lover being alive, that it was better to satisfy her at once of the fact, as it would be much less agitating than a state of suspense ; but that she must hear ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> is still abroad, as she was by no means in a situation to bear an interview.

Henry, who was admitted to the consultation, wanted to see Emma immediately, but the doctor said, “ My dear Sir, you are not, believe me, in a state of health to be a messenger of joy. The lady will believe that you are alive, with more certainty, if you will allow me to be the bearer of the intelligence. From what I understand from her sister, she has already seen you, and taken you for a ghost; so pray do pay a little attention to your own health, and recruit yourself after your journey, that you may not appear in absolute contradiction to the testimony I shall give her of your being alive, and which your appearance is so calculated to contradict.”

The Physician, on entering, told Emma, that he had been the bearer of a letter, which Mr. Sterling had not expected till the next day, which seemed to give the greatest pleasure to both him and her sister; and added, “as the contents may not be uninteresting to you, I shall leave you, and enjoin no farther penance than that you take this composing draught before you read the letter. I have often reason to fear grief being beforehand with me, and killing my patients, but I am very little afraid of joy (when not too sudden) making any encroachment on *our* line of business.” Saying this, he gave into Emma’s hand the first letter which Mr. Sterling had received from Henry, and which confirmed all the hopes so lately awakened in her breast.

While she enjoys all the happiness the reader can so much better imagine than we describe, Henry was giving way to the most extravagant fears for Emma’s life; as he said he was certain that she must be dangerously ill, or there could be no risk in her seeing

him. That owing to a mistake in the delivery of a letter, he had come suddenly into a room where his mother was unprepared for seeing him, except by hearing a vague report that he was living, and she was not in the least the worse for the surprize; on the contrary, was better than she had been for a length of time.

“Come,” said Dr. \*\*\*, “I see you are determined to set up your skill in opposition to mine; but as you are not a regular-bred M.D. I shall not condescend to meet you in consultation, but insist that my fair patient does not see you for many days; in the mean time you may write as much as you like, any thing but prescriptions.” Saying this, he took his leave; and Henry, finding it in vain to contend, contented himself with writing every day to Emma, and receiving letters from her, which she supposed were sent to him at Plymouth, where she was told that he was to remain till he had recovered a little more strength.



The news of Henry's being alive, and in England, would have awakened in Mrs. Mor-daunt's breast the most lively joy, if it had not been for the pain she knew it would inflict on her son, who had not yet renounced the fond hope that Emma might one day be his; and though too young, and too romantic, to think that a first love could ever be equalled, he still had fancied, that whatever portion of Emma's love he might obtain by the most devoted attachment, would be of more value to him than the love of the whole sex besides. The first intimation of Henry's not having been killed, crushed all his visions of happiness, and he was for the time perfectly wretched; but love had not taken such deep root as he had imagined: he was of a very lively temper, and though he had lost all that he had been of late in the habit of thinking could constitute his happiness; yet even the idea of that happiness had always been tinged with a melancholy, little suited to his natural turn of mind; and when a three months' tour, through a country entirely new to him, and

mixing in female society, so much superior to what he had been used to India, had dissipated all the painful feelings, (which he had made every effort to conceal from his mother,) he returned home in such good spirits, that Mrs. Mordaunt could enjoy, unmixed, the delight of knowing that Henry and Emma were restored to health and happiness, and could be a witness to their union, without any painful feelings on her son's account.

We have no great confidence in our own powers of painting the tender passion, but trust to the reader's own imagination for supplying our deficiencies ; and hope that he is convinced that Henry was most romantically in love, and that, consequently, his greatest delight was in the thoughts of being beloved.

To every eye but his, Emma's beauty appeared diminished. Her form had lost much of its symmetry, by her becoming very thin ; and her face much of its animation, by being very pale. Self-love, however, whispered Henry, that this alteration was a proof of how much he was beloved ; that sleepless nights,

spent in apprehension of his fate, and afterwards in anguish at his supposed death, had caused this change; and he loved her ten thousand times better for not being quite so handsome as when he had left her. He had the additional pleasure of being certain that his fate had been so deplored, without his mistress having any knowledge of the change which had taken place in his circumstances. At first he only told her that, by the death of a relative, a small competence had fallen to his share, which would enable him to leave the army; and not till he had been gratified by hearing her frequent declaration that that was all they wanted, and that more could not add to their happiness, did he communicate the fact that he was now in possession of all the Walwyn estates, and that he was in future to take the name of her family.

We purposely pass over the preparations, congratulations, &c. and if our younger readers will forgive us, we will even pass over the wedding, and not record one look of love, one blush of delight, one painful feeling of embar-

assent, on the part of Emma, when, in a large family circle, the worthy and excellent Mr. Hall joined her hand to that of her beloved Henry ; whose heart she felt satisfied was the seat of every virtue, and whose principles and temper were such as to secure the happiness of every creature that was dependent on him.

## CHAPTER XVI.

**SOME** time after the marriage of Emma and Henry, the arrival of Lord Bredwell was announced in all the papers. Bells rung; bonfires were lighted; and a numerous tenantry, mad with the intoxicating effects of joy and ale, partook of a feast of old England's roast beef and plum pudding, in celebration of their young Lord's return, and of his coming of age.

Mary's heart now beat high with expectation, as she and Mrs. Walwyn hastened to Rosy Park, from a visit they had been making in a distant county, to be present at the *fêtes*.

which Mary hoped, and her mother feared, would be followed by her marriage with the young Earl, who, in the midst of all the festivity by which he was surrounded, looked pale and care-worn.

As he positively denied ill-health being the cause of the dejection, which he could not conceal, his mother feared that he might feel regret at fancying himself under engagements to Miss Walwyn; and reminded him, that no positive declaration had been made on his part; and, with a latitude of principle, in which some mothers in fashionable life indulge, where their sons are concerned, said, “that no absolute *promise* being made, his honour was not concerned; and that if it made the foolish girl unhappy, she might thank herself for having trusted to any thing short of an absolute engagement.”

‘Do not talk in that frightful way,’ he exclaimed; ‘I am a lost wretch, if I do not marry her.’ Betrayed into having said more than he intended, he tried to laugh at his mother’s anxiety, and asked, ‘what there was

so very extraordinary in a lover saying that he should be a lost wretch, if he did not marry a person with whom he was so much in love ;' and he said this with a sigh, with which Cupid himself might have been satisfied, but which did not remove the fears which arose in his mother's breast, at the change in his manners and appearance, and which she now had every reason to suppose were caused by his thinking himself under a necessity of marrying Miss Walwyn, while his affections were engaged to another.

He expressed the strongest wish to wait on her the moment of her arrival at Rosy Park ; but when the time came, he occupied himself with a thousand trifles, and seemed as studious to put off this *much wished-for meeting*, by every frivolous pretext, as if he was a criminal going to execution.

Mary, who was dressed to receive the expected visit, with every advantage that unlimited expense and good taste could give, and who had chosen her colours to give effect to youth and beauty by broad day-light, was sur-

prized by the sober grey of evening; which she thought threw all her colours into the light least favourable to them, and in which her beauty appeared shorn of its beams. At last the much wished-for equipage drove up the avenue, and her lover appeared. His manners, his looks, were cold; but his words assured her of his continued attachment, when, with emotion that almost choked him, he hoped that nothing would now prevent their union.

Mary, whose fondest wishes had not gone further than to hope for such a declaration after a renewed courtship of some time, was taken off her guard, but not in so great a degree as to make her hold back a willing affirmative to this much wished-for proposal, and at the same time promising that she and her mother would attend the *fêtes*, for which they had already received cards.

“ You must, indeed,” he said, “ for we are quite gay, quite alive;” and he seemed as if shuddering. Mary asked, with anxiety, if he was cold. He gave a ghastly smile, and only said, he felt the change of climate.



The lateness of the hour excused his paying a short visit; when Mary found herself left to the anticipation of future rank and distinction, but with a feeling of disappointment, (occasioned by her lover's looks and manners, so little corresponding with his declaration of attachment,) which frequently, with less visible cause, attends the fulfilment of our most earnest wishes.

The first *fête* to which Mrs. Walwyn and her daughter had been invited, was to begin with a concert, which Lady Bredwell had arranged, from a wish to gratify her son's taste for music, and was surprized and disappointed when he exclaimed, on hearing what was intended, "Oh! dear mother, any thing in the world for me but music."

Lady Bredwell looked at him with fright and astonishment, which the moment he perceived he tried to laugh at, and said, "I have been so sickened by music in Sicily."

'But, my dear, the preparations are all made.'

"Then let them be unmade," said he pettishly.

‘My dear Bredwell,’ said his mother, quite overcome, and bursting into tears, ‘what is the matter? You terrify me out of my life. What has wrought this dreadful change in you, who *used to like every arrangement I made for your amusement.* If I remember right, you wrote to me frequently from Sicily, saying how much your love of music was increased.’

He appeared much affected, and said, “I was only joking; latterly I am grown a little tired of music; but I dare say the concert will be very good.”

‘I am certain it will,’ said Lady Bredwell; ‘I hear no one plays on the harp so delightfully as Miss Walwyn, she has been so much improved by lessons from \* \* \*.’

“Promise me that she shall not play to-night,” said he, catching hold of his mother’s arm. ‘She shall not, my love,’ said Lady Bredwell, concealing the alarm she was in as well as she could; ‘every thing shall be as you wish.’

With those who have lived all their lives in the world, the first object is the world: the

first idea to hide from the world what is suffered, and only let them see what is enjoyed.

Lady Bredwell, with an aching heart, and a countenance dressed in smiles, prepared to receive her company.

Amongst the first who presented themselves was Mrs. Walwyn and her daughter, to whom Lady Bredwell felt an involuntary dislike, from feeling (though she could not tell how) that she was, in some measure, the cause of the unhappiness of her son. She felt, too, more than usual disgust at Mrs. Walwyn, for dwelling on the improvement to be gained by travel; and congratulating her on the fashionable looks; and finished air of her son, whose conversation must be quite delightful, after living amongst such a very learned people as the Athenians.

Lady Bredwell answered impatiently, “ My son did not accompany Dr. Blount to the Grecian Isles.”

Mrs. Walwyn said, ‘ she had been misinformed then; but that, certainly, it was much fitter for a young nobleman to send his tutor,

than to go himself in search of learning; for that of course he would make it his business to tell him every thing he saw, without his taking the trouble of going himself.'

When Lord Bredwell met his intended bride, he pleaded, in excuse for not being present at the concert, a head-ache, which he knew the music would increase; but was certain that he should be able to return and join the company at supper.

Mary, whose thoughts had been employed all the morning in the anticipation of appearing, for the first time, as the future Countess of Bredwell, found nothing but disappointment; while her mother saw in the wan looks and emaciated form of her intended son-in-law a promise, flattering to both her avarice and vanity, of having a daughter a widowed Countess, with a large jointure, whose delicate health, and natural helplessness would make her wish to live with a mother in the habit of paying her such constant attention; and of whose selfish motives she was not aware.

Lord Bredwell having promised his mother that he would remain quietly in his own room during the time of the concert, Lady Bredwell returned, with a heavy heart, to appear delighted with the performance.

Of her feelings none can judge, but those who have been forced to listen to sounds of gladness, and mingle with a mirthful company, when their hearts are sinking under the apprehension of some dreaded misfortune, or still aching from a past one. . At a moment when she was sitting apart from the company, as if to give her undivided attention to the execution of a concertante, one of the under servants (who had drank so much as greatly to increase in his own mind the wisdom, of which, in his more sober moments, he would never have suspected himself as the possessor) came to the door, and beckoning her out of the room, said, with an air of great significance, "It be just as I said all along, my Lady; un- be a little cracked in the upper story." "Who, what do you mean?" said she, in great alarm. "Why the young Lord, my Lady; who else

could I mean?" 'Where is he? Shew him to me directly.' "Why then, my Lady, unless it was a hare, I does'nt know any living thing that would catch un, for you never seed what a rate un run at. Poor thing, a sweetheart as likely as any thing that has made un gone cracked, like Will Jobson, who drowned unself." 'Which way is he gone? Tell me this moment.' "Gone to look after the moon," said he, "as all those be fond of who are touched here," putting his hand to his head. One of the upper servants crossing the hall, she called to him, in an agony of mind not to be described, and desired he would look for Lord Bredwell in the plantations, and tell him she wanted him immediately. He returned in a few moments with the object of her solicitude; who said, the noise of the music in the house was unpleasant to him, and therefore he had been taking a walk till it was over. 'But why go out in the damp without a hat?' replied his mother. "Oh, I always forget that I am not in Sicily," said he, with a forced smile.

The music having ceased, he proposed to join the company, where, for the rest of the night, Lady Bredwell saw nothing to augment the fears which she could not help entertaining of his loss of reason. He sat by Miss Walwyn, and appeared to listen to what she said, if not with pleasure, at least with complacency.

As it has long been a decided point, that the conversation of declared lovers must be as wearisome to others as interesting to themselves, we shall leave these, rather dismal votaries of Hymen, to return to those, for whom his torch has already burned.

## CHAPTER XVII.

**P**ERHAPS if an author was to chuse the most favourable moment for closing his history, it would be when the hands of the hero and heroine are joined. But as the memoirs from which we draw our narrative do not admit of a hero and heroine according to the usual rules of novel writing, we must trespass a little farther on the patience of our readers, before we bring it to a close, and present Henry and Emma as man and wife.

Conjugal felicity has been so frequently and so well described, that to say any thing new on the subject, either in prose or verse, is



impossible, or else it would be a pleasant task to describe such happiness. But as our painting could only appear to have been copied from some original, presented to the world in Arcadian times ; and that even the existence of the original would be doubted by captious critics, and only obtain belief amongst the romantic, the silly, and the unmarried ; we shall decline the task altogether.

Perhaps there is no greater foe to married happiness than what is falsely called the fulness of contentment, where nothing is to be wished for, nothing wanted ; where the present moment requires no exertion, and the future calls for neither hope nor apprehension. In such a state there is little to be communicated between those who are the most fondly attached, to keep up that circulation of ideas (if we may be allowed to use such a phrase) so necessary to the soul's health, and even to mutual endearment. Emma and Henry were not destined to have their loves die of idleness : their minds were both uncommonly active ; and they found, in their present situation, full scope for the

exertion of that activity, where minds differently constituted would have looked on the most complete idleness as a part of their birth-right and inheritance. They enjoyed the hours which they could spend together with a keener delight, from feeling that they must be limited; and when the duties of the situation they each had to fill had been attended to, they returned to the sunshine, which seemed to gild the hours they passed together, with truer delight, than if the world and its employments did not now and then throw a passing shadow between them.

A vacancy in the representation of the county obliged Henry to pay more attention to the etiquette of receiving and paying visits, than was exactly suited to the habits of a soldier; and, in the course of his canvas, he used sometimes, during a long and formal morning visit, to say to himself, with a sigh, that an outlying picquet was not so hard a duty, and much more in his line. Emma, in following the path of duty which her Aunt had taught her to tread, and which her own

inclination had never tempted her to deviate from in the least, took the greatest pains to make herself acquainted with the wants of all the poorer tenantry; and when she found that unlooked-for circumstances, or sickness, had brought them into distress, she was always their advocate with Henry; who thought she never looked so captivating as when urging him to use the ample means, with which fortune supplied him, to soften the sorrows of those who were less fortunate. “We are frightfully rich,” she used to say, “my dear Henry, and ought to do a great deal to increase the happiness of those around us, before we can feel that we deserve our own very happy lot.”

Soon after they had taken up their residence at Walwyn Castle, they heard of the severe illness of the Rector of Bevan, whose extreme age rendered his recovery very improbable. As Emma was expressing the great pleasure she felt at their having such a good living, with which to reward the exemplary goodness of Mr. Hall, the servant informed Henry that a gentleman requested to speak to him alone for a few moments.

It is some time since our narrative has led us to mention Mr. Hardy. With the same attention to his own interest, which has always been the leading trait in his character, he had set out to solicit the living of Bevan, the moment he was apprized of the serious indisposition of the present incumbent. He introduced himself to Henry as the intimate friend of the late Mr. Walwyn, who, he said, had induced him to take orders, by a promise of the living, in the gift of his family, whenever it should become vacant; but that his very premature death had cut off all his hopes. That he had then devoted himself to the education of the son of his friend, with a promise from Mrs. Walwyn of succeeding to the present Rector, whose age had been so unusually prolonged, that even now there was no depending on his death; but he hoped that, in case he should die, that Mr. Walwyn would be so good as to consider his disappointments and his claims. He urged these latter with such exaggeration, that Henry felt for a moment as if he was doing him an injustice, and, with some hesi-

tation, said, " My dear Sir, I am really very sorry that I cannot comply with your wishes. You know, that, according to the present rules of our service, no man can get over the head of another, except by purchase." Here he recollected himself, and said, " I beg pardon, I speak as a military man; but I dare say the rules and regulations in the disposal of church preferments are equally equitable; and when you consider the very high character of Mr. Hall, who has done the whole duty of the parish, without any additional pay, for so many years, I am sure you will see the impossibility of my putting any one over his head."

Mr. Hardy's astonishment was so great at hearing that Mr. Hall was to have the living, that he could hardly conceal it. He looked so angry and discontented, that Henry good-naturedly said, " that if Mr. Hall would appoint him his curate, that he then might (in the regular course of promotion) hope to succeed him; and that, if he wished it, he would, on presenting him with the living, make a request that he should do so."

Mr. Hardy had sufficient command of himself to thank him for this offer ; but muttering something about Mr. Hall being a *prig* and a *quix*, he took his leave.

Henry's good-nature made him sorry that any one who had stated such powerful claims, to which he had had the art to give all the appearance of justice, should be disappointed ; he went immediately to Mr. Hall, and told him, that when he became rector of Bevan, that he hoped he would have no objection to name Mr. Hardy as his curate. Mr. Hall looked surprised ; but, suddenly recollecting himself, said, " Was I already in possession of the living, which I may hereafter owe to your regard, I should feel it a most painful task to refuse you such a request. As I am not yet in possession, I make no scruple of telling you, that if it were to be given to me on those conditions, I must refuse it ; as no inducement could be strong enough to make me entrust any part of the care of my parishioners to a man, of whose conduct and principles I disapprove. The misconduct of the clergy has incalculable

power in destroying respect for religion in the lower orders. We are far above them by education ; we preach to them what are the duties they ought to fulfil. They are naturally inclined to look up to those, whose learning appears to them so much greater than their own. If they see us act as we preach, they believe us sincere; think that we know the road to salvation, and follow us in it themselves. But mark the effect of the reverse: we point out what is right, and do what is wrong. There must be some humbug here, says the shrewd but ignorant peasant ; our pastor shews, by his conduct, that there are two ways of pleasing God: he is his declared servant, and, in spite of all he says in the pulpit, we see what are his real opinions by his actions.

“ There are circumstances, however, in the life of Mr. Hardy, of which he may not be quite sure that I am aware. Delicacy to the virtuous relations of a vicious man enforces silence sometimes that is hardly justifiable : it would be better, perhaps, if crime, even in

this world, was punished by being exposed to the hatred it deserves.”

Henry here interrupted Mr. Hall, to assure him, that nothing could induce him to be instrumental in committing the care of the weak and the ignorant to the guidance of an unprincipled man.

“ This being the case,” said Mr. Hall, “ I will write myself to Mr. Hardy, mentioning your recommendation, and my reasons for rejecting him as an assistant in the care of my parishioners ; a few hints from me will secure you from farther solicitation on the subject.”

Soon after Henry had taken his leave, he heard of the death of the Rector of Bevan. Mr. Hall, on being named his successor, wrote the following letter to Mr. Hardy.

“ Sir,—I cannot think that a proposal made to me by Mr. Walwyn, on naming me to the rectory of Bevan, could have been made with your knowledge or consent. The proposal to which I allude was, that I should name you as my curate—a request so apparently reasonable,



the world would naturally blame me for refusing to grant; but what sense is generally attached to the idea of a rector appointing a curate, is of little consequence to a man who has been so long secluded from what is called the world, and in the habits of looking up to a higher tribunal. I will tell you the sense that I attach to it, and the duties I should look to your fulfilling, if you were to be my assistant in the service of God. I should consider that it had been his will, that, as far as this world's goods enabled me to serve him, in assisting his creatures by providing for their earthly necessities, that *I* had the advantage over *you*, and there the distinction would end. In every thing else, we must be fellow-labourers. The interest we felt for the eternal welfare of the souls of our parishioners must be the same. Our lives must be equally virtuous; our efforts equally strenuous, that no sheep might be lost out of our flock through our neglect.

“ The variety that exists in the endowments of rational creatures is so great, that I should anxiously compare your qualities with

my own, trusting that in what I felt myself imperfect or weak, that you, perhaps, might excel. If I found myself more equal to the task of encouraging virtue, in its progress to heaven, than in frightening the vicious ~~in~~ an opposite course. If I found that you had a strong arm to stop vice in its career, but wanted the power of soothing the virtuous, in their sorrows, and with an animated pencil, painting what would be their bright and glorious reward, I should rejoice that what was my weakness was your strength; and we would together endeavour to secure the salvation of all. Are you willing to join in such an association? Does your conscience tell you, that I could expect to find in you a fit partner, in endeavouring to fulfil the duties of the parish? Could the record of the crimes which have been committed in that parish, have been kept as faithfully as the customary registry, what effect would their exposure have on your character? Would no record of parents murdered by the injury done their child: that child deprived of the light of reason, by your cruel machinations,

appear against you? Would no friend, to whom you had attached yourself from childhood, from the mean hope of benefiting by their riches and patronage, have to reproach you for having encouraged them in every vice, and assisted them in the execution of what their own unaided efforts might have been unable to effect."

! Here followed an affecting and strongly-painted description of the death-bed repentance and confession of Richards; the misery of poor Edward and his family; a subject so abhorrent to the feelings, that it is a relief that it need not again be repeated.]

After this detail, Mr. Hall proceeds as follows :—" A few days ago, the son of the unfortunate and virtuous Wright breathed his last. Some hours before his death, that reason, of which you had been the means of depriving him, returned. I happened to be at his bedside at the moment. He enquired for his father and mother; at first he seemed to struggle for recollection, and by dint of effort to recal

what he had been. By degrees he recovered so far as to ask me how he came to be suspected of murder, condemned to death, and why his parents were not with him. I told him by degrees his own sad story, and what had been the confession of Richards. He was in too weak a state to feel violence of grief, but seemed curious to know what your interest could have been to injure him, and kill his poor father and mother. He appeared so puzzled, when I attempted to describe your motives for instigating Richards to remove him out of the country, that I was glad when he proposed of himself to hear no more.

“I saw his hour was fast approaching, and with delight perceived that the trust and belief in God, which I had assisted in implanting in his mind in his youth, had not been lost amidst the wreck of more worldly sensations. He asked if he was not dying; and when I answered in the affirmative, he seemed much pleased, and said he wanted rest most sadly; that he had never done any thing that was

wrong *wilfully*; and that he felt assured that God would forgive him, though he knew he had not been as good as he ought to have been. I trembled while I thought that this child of sorrow, with whose eternal welfare I had been entrusted, might escape from my anxious care, without having forgiven the author of all his wrongs. I asked him, *if* there was any one in the world that he did not forgive. He said there was not. I asked him if he would join me in earnest prayer that you might be forgiven for the injury you had done him; he replied that he would, but complained much of his head. Notwithstanding his weakness, he repeated after me a prayer for mercy and forgiveness for his enemy. These were the last words he articulated. Oh! could they but speak such peace to your soul as they did to mine! The day may come, however, when they will be invaluable to you; when your eyes may be opened to the infamy of your past life, and repentance may press sorely on you. Then you will know, and not

till then, how to value the prayer that has been put up for you by this innocent victim to your unprincipled conduct; and you will not wonder, that, in your present state, you excite the sincere compassion of

“ J. HALL.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**A**S the Wrights had no near relation, to claim what had been raised by the sale of their effects, Mr. Hall had got Jack (during the short interval of reason previous to his death) to sign a will, leaving the faithful Irishman the money for which those effects had been sold. It was sufficient to buy an annuity which would keep him above want, for the rest of his life; a reward to which the fidelity and patience with which he had taken care of the poor maniac, gave him a just title.

When it became necessary for Mr. Hall to take possession of the glebe-house belonging to his new living, poor Pat said that he might as well go to his own country now as not, for

he should no longer be *with* the bones of the old woman, if he was *two miles off*, the distance between the glebe and the place where his wife had been buried, which was close to the curate's house.

Emma, whose interest had been heightened for the Irishman, by the account Mr. Hall had given her of the kindness and attachment with which he had attended the poor madman, in a long illness which preceded his death, requested that he might call on her before he set out on his intended journey. She had often talked of him to Henry, and they both felt curious to know how the thoughts of returning to his native country would affect so untutored a creature as this poor Hibernian, and how he reconciled himself to leaving the old woman's bones (as he called them) in England.

When he was shewn by the servant into the Hall at Walwyn castle, he looked about him with great seeming pleasure ; and when Emma and Henry made their appearance, he said, “ Long life to your Honors ; I'm proud to see ye'z in such a fine house of your own.



This is a big house in earnest; and I hear you mighty well spoke of, my Lady, amongst the poor; and sign's on it, I met with the best of good treatment from the servants."

Of the truth of this last assertion there wanted no other evidence than the state of exaltation of poor Pat's spirits, although not at all sensible of it himself.

Enma asked him, how it happened that he was going back to Ireland, contrary to his intentions the last time she saw him. "Och, then, that's true for you, my Lady, I did think never to go back any more; but the Master, long life to him, has done mighty well by me, in the regard of getting poor Jack the madman, as they called him, to make a will in my favour. And so I mean, please God, to go home, and live in dacency and credit for the rest of my life, with my sister Judy and the children: and indeed I think I'll be all the heartier for hearing a little laughing and a joke from time to time, which the people I live with, God save them, are no way given to; for once they have called you Pat, and

Teague, and, as it were, thrown the pratees in your teeth, the devil another joke as they have under their tooth. They're mighty quiet, proper people, and nate and clane, but no way given to joking or laughing, which myself thinks a mortal pity; and they're not like ourselves in any perticular, for when we have any little falling out, we fight it out at once, and get it off our minds, and there's an end of it. Now with them it will stick ever so long, and rot in their stomachs; and no blame to them for that same, when they don't fight it off at once."

Emma asked when the poor madman died. He replied, "he went off with the fall of the leaf, please your Honor, about two months back; and you never see a heavier handful than I had of him, and many's the heart scald, for he grew so obstinate like latterly, that there was no dealing with him at all at all; and what did he do but takes to tearing his clothes, my Lady, saving your presence; so that myself used to be ashamed of the neighbours seeing a boy that came of the best of people, in such an unsightly condition; but there was no cure for

it, for if the Master, long life to him, put ever so good a coat on his back, as if it was to-day, well, in a week's time, it would be so tattered, that you'd think that he wouldn't have the nailings of a peach-tree on him. And sometimes my heart was fairly broke, following him over hedge and ditch, for fear any harm might happen to him; for you see I always kept in my mind how kind the mother that bore him was to the ould woman, and made me give him the greater toleration, when he used to be so mighty contrary. But he's gone to glory; and may the grass grow green before the doors of them as ever said an ill word of one of the family; that's all the harm I wish them. And sure," continued he, "I never thought on going to Ireland, till I found the Master was going to his new living, much good may do him with it, if it was ten times better; and that then I should be just as far from the old woman's bones, God rest her soul, when I was *two* miles off, as if I was a *hundred*. And indeed the Master has been so kind as to give me the best of good advice; for he says, 'Pat,'

says he, 'you'll never do any good,' says he, 'now that you have got a little money to spend, but be always drinking it; so take my advice, and go back to your own country, and take care of your sister and the children,' says he, quite considerate. "Please your Honor," said I, "what will I do with the vow I made, to be buried in the same grave with the ould woman?" (never letting on that my own priest sure wou<sup>ld</sup> give me an absolution for worse nor that, as many's the time he did for ten times worse.) 'You should never make a vow,' said he, 'which you cannot keep;' for you see the clargy here take mighty little on themselves, in the regard of forgiving: and more's the pity, for its a thing that's mightily wanting, so it is, for both high and low. "If I knew when I was going to die, your Honor," says I, "I'd walk while I could put the foot under me, to lay my bones by her, and she, the cratur, wishing it so much." 'Well,' says he, 'I'll write to the banker that will pay you your money every quarter, to have your body sent over.' "Thanks, your Honor," says I, "that wil lbe

sarving us both ;” but I did not let on to his Honor, how it warmed my heart to think of dying in my own country, to say nothing of the extrame unction, of which I know there is no account made in this country, though they set such store by it amongst all the good christians ; and I’ll engage they’ll put plenty of the oil and the holy water on me, and I buried alongside of her in the self-same grave, may be it’ll do for us both.

“ Well,” said he, after some consideration, “ I never will forget, as long as I live, the day that Katty died, the cratur, when down I went on my two bended knees to his Honor, to give her absolution ; and he, sitting by her bedside, and the big tears rolling down his face, for all the world like peas, so that it was out of no hard-heartedness that he denied her. ‘ Ach, forgive her, Master,’ said I : ‘ God bless you, Sir, forgive her, and give her the absolution before she goes to the gates of heaven ; for he that keeps the kays will never cast an evil eye on the living sowl that has your good word at any rate.’ “ You distress me

exceedingly," said he, (looking for all the world as if it was his own wife that was in it.) " You seem to have forgot all I have ever tried to teach you : none can forgive sins but One." ' Now don't you believe that your Honor,' says I, ' for sure, isn't there Father Luke, and Father Magrath, and Father O'Shaughnessy, and whole heaps of them in Ireland, that forgive the greatest of all sinners, informers and all.' " It does not signify talking to you, Pat," says he ; " you forget every thing I have ever told you, to prove to you that there can be but one intercessor with God." ' LORD love you, Sir,' says I, ' sure I'd remember every word of it, only Katty's so ill ; and when I'm in trouble about her dying, I can think of nothing in the wide world but what my mother tould me ; and says she to me, over and ever again, Barney, says she, if ever you die without absolution, St. Peter will ask no more questions. but shut the door in your face at once. And think,' says I, your Honor, what a burning shame it would be to have *her* shut out, that never done a bad

turn to mortal, nor wished a bad wish to any christian cratur, no more than a child unborn.' "Well," says he, "you must leave the room." And, thinks I, may be he'll think better of it, and do it at last; but he staid a great while, and then he went away unknownst to me. So I went to Katty, and she seemed composed like; and says I, 'Well, did he give it to you, Honey?' says I. "No, Barny," says she; "but he promised he'd pray for me his own self; and though he didn't let on, I saw the absolution in his blessed face when he looked at me, and bid me trust in God." She never spoke again, please your Honor, but died quite asy."

'You are very fond of your own clergy,' said Emma.

"You may say that," he replied; "sure it is they that do every thing entirely for us, from first to last. What would the likes of us poor cratures do, either coming into the world, or going out of it, but for the priest of the parish? Sure, they are the fittest people to speak for us, for it's they that know how;

and I'd rather be trusting to them twenty to one, nor to many a one I see in this country."

'I cannot imagine,' said Emma, 'why you, who have found such an excellent friend in the Curate of Bevan, should take such a dislike to the English clergy.'

"Why, then, I'll tell you once for all, my Lady. Why I think there's no great good in some of them; at least, they do not come up at all, at all, to our priests. There's a many of them all for galavanting in their own post-chays, and the finest of houses over their heads, and none but the best of good belly timber they'll have the year through, Fridays and all, and taking no account at all of the Lent; and never think of taking their foot in their hand, and walking off to see the sick, and wake, or getting up on a bit of a garren, and riding over the parish to see who wants them. There's one, at least, bad luck to him, that would rather be mounting a clever hunter, and after a fox, as if he thought it was the W—e of Babylon that he was after; which is a nick name they have given the



Pope, my Lady; and I only wish it was Father Magrath that had the putting of the pays in their shoes for that same; and it is'nt boiled they'd be."

'I should like very much to know,' said Emma, addressing herself to her husband, 'who could have talked to him of the Pope by that name; as it is not likely that Mr. Hall should enter on any controversial points with his poor parishioners.'

"You are quite right, my Lady," he replied, "he never called one of us out of our right name, let alone his Holiness. But there was a great Preacher came down some time ago, and he used to be going on with great bothe-ration to me, and some other Romans in the village, because he said he heard we were Papishes, as he called us, bad luck to his manners. But what could I expect, and he making game of the Pope himself; and he was always crying down the W—e of Babylon' to me, as if she should be hunted out of the country, with a pack of fox-hounds to her own share; and I never the least guess in life of

who she was, but I thought it became his cloth well enough to cry her down, if she was what he called her; and I knew that our country have a bad name any how, so I did not so much blame him for that. Well, my Lady, he was to prache a great sermon, and, cock me up, I must go and hear him as well as the rest. And sure, then it was that I was made sensible that it was his Holiness that he meant all the time; and he called him the Scarlet W—e into the bargain, and more shame for him for that same. Sure, that was a fitter name for some of the great generals that was in Ireland at the time of the ruction.”

Henry, who could not help smiling at this sly sneer at his late profession, said, ‘ Well, but my good fellow, it is no reason because you have met with one or two characters that you don’t think equal to your own priests, that you should suppose they are all the same. You acknowledge the goodness of Mr. Hall, and you may depend on it that there are numbers equally good.’

Pat shook his head, and said, " Was your Honor ever at the Assizes ? Well, that is the cursedest place ever I was in in my born days ; and the clergy seemingly mighty busy there, and the greatest persecutors in it, where a body would think that they'd have mighty little business, except only to give the absolution to them craters that had got into a bit of trouble, and were to swing for it. As it is quite natural and proper that every one of them should look after his own *flock* ; and sure it was for that I thought they were in it. But what do you think I found was the *flock* they were after ? Why neither more nor less than the partridges, and them birds they call the phisants, and the tails, and the hares, and the rabbits, and all them wild birds. And there was one poor fellow that was prosecuted by a clergy, and I was in a dale of trouble about him, because he was as pretty a spoken lad as you'd wish to see, and himself a very good scholar, and he had a mighty sickly mother ; and he swore to me by the book, that it was standing in the

field that he was, with the gun in his hands, to frighten away the birds from the little bit of corn, when a plump little partridge came whizzing by the muzzle of the gun, as if it was from heaven; and he thought upon the mother that bore him, and that, perhaps, she might eat a bit of it, and the gun went off; and, before he had time to cross himself, up came one of these self-same clargy, and collared him, and knocked him down as flat as a flounder, and sent him off to jail in the half of no time for a vagrum and a vagabond. And its for mighty little that they call them cratur's the vagabond; may be, for taking a bit of a shilelah out of the hedge, or asking for the price of the tobacco."

'But,' said Emma, 'you must have been used in Ireland to see the Protestant clergymen act as magistrates.'

"Aye, Jewel, and so they may sometimes, though I never see them, on account of never being at the assizes; but sure they would not be a bit the better regarded for it, no more nor they are when the're too griping about the

tythes. But I am only spaking of our own clargy, who take nothing but what's given to them, for which the LORD increase their store! and who never parsecutes nobody at the law, but punishes them themselves, as they've a good right to do."

'I should like very much,' said Emma, 'to hear you go on with your account of the assizes.'

"And so I will, my Lady, for I never was there more nor once, and I don't think I'll ever go again. For what do you see when you're there for all the world, but, may be, a great big fellow, big enough to commit a murder, and he to be whipped on the bare back, saving your Ladyship's presence, for staling a goose. And then, may be, there's another, that's to have the same sauce for breaking into a dwelling-house, and stealing thereout one pound of butter and a toothful of bacon: and another, for tendering a bad shilling in payment for a loaf, knowing it to be bad, and no blame to the cratur sure, if they had'nt a better; and then this body for

staling a pig of iron, and another a brass knocker and a cock of a beer barrel, or the spout of a pump, or a duck or a drake, or an old hen, or something no way worth bringing a christian into trouble about. And that, I'll engage, Father Luke could fix them all, without one of them ever seeing the inside of a jail; for what with the pays in the shoes, and the counting of the bades, and walks to St. John's well, and all them fasts, (which come mighty easy to us in Ireland, we're so used to it;) you'd see how he'd settle it all without judge or jury. And then there's such imprisonments, and houses of correction, and hanging, and whipping privately, and whipping publicly, and fines, and transporting: why then the d——l transport them all, and that's the best word I can give them, since poor Jack lost his wits in that same town. And, indeed, I believe that's the reason why I put so little dependence on the Clergy, all but the Master; that it was all along of one of them same, that both the father and the mother were murdered by the grief; and the

poor boy became quite innocent, which was the worst job of all."

"That was, indeed, a very bad job," said Henry, scarcely able to refrain from laughing. "And when do you set out on your journey?"

"Why then, your Honor, I'm thinking that it'll be in about a fortnight, which'll be St. John's eve, for the better luck and grace; for the Master, long life to him, says, that by that time I shall leave enough to cover my death. And so, now I have made your Honors sensible how it will all be. And, before I go, I am to have a nate, decent stone put over the ould woman, to keep her from all harm till such time as I come back to her again."

"And what do you mean to have written on the stone?" said Henry.

"Why that's what I'm not quite sure of," replied Pat. "They've called me Pat, and the Irishman, so long, that if I was to put the name I was bred and born with, the d——I a one as would know who she was, no more nor the dead. Her own maiden name was Katty O'Callaghan; but sure, what do these people

know of the likes of such a good name, not having any such amongst themselves? So I'm thinking, if it would be agreeable to put on the stone nothing at all, at all, only that she was Pat the Irishman's wife, and that, for sartain, will be the best way to give the lie to that spalpeen of an overseer, who said she was not married the cratur, if he should ever come this way ; and then, when I come over to her myself, there'll be no trouble, only to put on the stone, and the husband of her too."

After some little hesitation, he at last declared, "that he had a favour to ask of the Lady, God bless her, and send her luck and grace, and a plenty of children, that she would just let him leave the little tin box, with the certificate of their marriage, with her ; and that he made bold to expect, that if any thing was said to throw a slight upon Katty, as if she had not been an honest woman, (which she surcly was, as ever broke bread,) that she would be so kind as to give them the lie, by shewing the certificate, and then he should go to his own country quite light-hearted."



Emma, though much amused at the singularity of the request, promised to fulfil the charge punctually; and poor Pat left her, with a thousand blessings, and repeating that she was as like the young mistress up at the big house as two peas.

## CHAPTER XIX.

**M**R<sup>S</sup>. Walwyn was severely mortified, at finding that a match, of which she had augured so ill, as that between her daughter and Mr. Sterling, should be productive of great happiness to both; and that, so far from repenting of the *foolish business*, as she always persisted in calling it, that her son-in-law seemed perfectly happy. Although his good taste had pointed out to him before marriage, that greater tenderness, and a more feminine mind, would have made Ellen a more attractive woman; yet when once married, her temper was so unclouded, her spirits so cheerful, and her animation so great, that he would not have

admitted a thought of any change in her being for the better.

Mr. Sterling seemed to be destined to be happy as a married man. His first wife, without either beauty or talent, had been a friend, in whom he could most thoroughly confide every thought of his heart. Though courted and flattered by the world, there was something so sincere, so ardent, in her admiration of him, that when he entered his own house, he felt as completely that it was not in the world that he was most happy, as if Mrs. Sterling had been the most attractive woman of his acquaintance.

We take it for granted, that if a man is in a disposition to be happy in domestic life, that the wife he *has*, never loses by comparison with the one he has lost. Self-love will always make the admiration of a young woman of beauty or talents a great gratification, particularly where there is a disparity of years between man and wife; and though Mr. Sterling might not have liked to acknowledge it, even to himself, Ellen's admiration of him, and the

preference which she gave to his company over that of every body else, increased his natural flow of spirits, and made him as happy now, in what is generally called the decline of life, as he had been in the brightest part of its morning. Had his fortune been small in proportion to the style in which he chose to live, he might have found his wife's disregard of and total want of ability for domestic concerns a great disadvantage; but his income was more than equal to his expenses, which made it a matter of perfect indifference to him. The only mortification to which his marriage exposed him, was the perpetual invidious attacks of his mother-in-law, made with a view to disparage his wife in the eyes of the world: these he always took upon himself to parry, having too much taste, as well as feeling, to admire her wit, exerted in a contest with her mother.

One day, when the whole family were assembled at dinner at Rosy Park, the conversation happened to turn on economy, and how necessary it was for all ranks of females in England to be instructed in it, on account of the expenses

of living having become so great, that the largest estates were often the most heavily encumbered; which was frequently occasioned by there not being sufficient *cleverness in the arrangement of the household expenses*. Mrs. Mordaunt remarked, that even the laws of England, in the general disposal of property, pointed out the necessity for women, in their own defence, practising economy; that the deaths of husbands and fathers caused their lives to be subject to such reverses, that hardly any circumstances, or any rank, could secure a woman from not finding occasion to practise it at some time or other of her life; and that it was best early to habituate their minds to the idea, that, sooner or later, they might be reduced to comparative poverty.

“Poverty!” exclaimed Mary. “I do not see what should ever make girls in a certain rank of life poor, unless they make very bad matches. A girl who marries properly must always have settlements to prevent any inconvenience accruing from her husband’s death.”

‘ When I speak of poverty,’ said Mrs. Mor-daunt, ‘ I mean comparative poverty.’

“ You do not mean, of course,” said Mr. Sterling, “ that a Duke’s daughter is ever reduced to beg at the road side, or receive help from her parish; but we will suppose her father’s estate thirty or forty thousand a year, and the settlement on her as a younger child, being ten thousand pounds, she, having always had the full benefit of living at the rate of either of the above sums yearly, is certainly in a comparative state of poverty, living by herself on five hundred a year, the interest of her own fortune. In the same way, if, during her father’s life, she had married a man with ten thousand a year, she would be reduced to the practice of strict œconomy when left with a jointure of perhaps a thousand a year, and a number of daughters to educate, and bring into the world. And, in such a case as this, if she had not sense to adopt economical plans in her mode of living, I see no choice for her, but to go at once into the King’s-Bench,

and look to disposing of her daughters only to those who live within its rules."

'I hope, Ellen, you are attending to what your husband is saying,' said Mrs. Walwyn, 'and how very severe he is on women who are not economical, though I must say it is rather soon for him to begin to complain of your total ignorance of household management.'

"My dear Madam," said Mr. Sterling, "I have not yet had time to find out any of Ellen's faults in housekeeping; but when I do, I shall come to you more privately for your advice. But do tell me, shall I ever be able to get you to consider of any subject in the abstract? The fault must be in me; for with such a philosophic mind as yours, you would find it very easy, one should think, to detach yourself from all ideas of personality in a discussion of this kind."

The second course at that moment being set on the table, and some trifling mistakes occurring in the arrangement of the dishes, Mr. Sterling perceived that his fair antagonist's attention was no longer his; and that,

by her absence of mind, she had suggested to him the weapons which he might use to punish her for the attack she had made on her daughter. “Do not mistake me so far,” said he, resuming the conversation, “as to think I wish Ellen in any thing different from what she is. And pray, do not let your maternal affection take the alarm at the idea of her ever being in reduced circumstances: I have taken good care that she shall never find any change in her situation at my death. But though I have taken a pleasure, for her sake, in going contrary to the usual laws for providing for females; if it had not been in my power to do so, I could have trusted to a woman of her understanding, learning to conform herself to any circumstances: and, in the mean time, it is a very great pleasure to me to have her always disengaged, and at leisure to give me her company. If she has not saved me any unnecessary expense in the preparations for a feast by her superior management of my household concerns, I have her, at least, *un-roasted, unstewed*, at the head of my table,



with her mind no way entangled in the intricacies of corner-dishes, removes, and entremets; and never perceive, when I address my conversation to her, that her countenance suddenly drops on perceiving the paste for the patés is not puff, and that the rabbits she intended to be roasted for the second course, have come at full stretch into the first. If a mistress of a house be a woman of sense and lively manners, no one can conceive how much it spoils conversation for the company to miss her, as much as if she were out of the room, while her mind is running after the rabbits or fowls that may have gone astray in the bill of fare. Settling the point of cross corners, and her heart swelling indignant at what should be raised being flat, and what should be flat having risen into much grandeur." There was sufficient allusion in this to the anxieties under which Mrs. Walwyn had just been suffering, for her to feel that she was turned into ridicule in a way to which she could not reply.

“ I agree with you in every thing you have said, my dear Sir,” said an old gentleman, who had seemed to take a great interest in the conversation, “ except that I think that the age is past for ladies to appear at their own tables either roasted or stewed. I am old enough to remember when our British fair seldom made their appearance in the drawing-room before dinner without a slight impression of the fire on their neck and arms, which you might call roasted; together with certain indications of tasting still about their mouths, and more or less strong traces of anxiety on their countenances; and, if shaking hands had been the fashionable mode of salutation, there might have been some slight indications of a mind ill at ease on the hand, which you might have called stewing.”

‘ You are always bringing me back to the flat realities of life,’ said Mr. Sterling, ‘ which is not fair. Though roasted and stewed wives may have gone out of fashion with ruffs and farthingales, still I insist on the right of speaking figuratively; and when I see a lady red

with anger, or in agitation that may induce a moisture at the ends of her fingers, I must call her roasted or stewed, taking my simile from the objects before me.'

"I wish there were no such words in the English language as economy and housekeeping," said Mary languidly; "they always give a woman a bustling, busy look, and make her wear pockets."

'My dear Mary,' said Emma, 'no one can live without some care and anxiety about money. Those who are immensely rich must take care that their expenditures are not too great, in order that they may extend the utmost relief in their power to those who are less fortunate: and I don't know whether I should not prefer going about with my hands in my pockets, making the most of a little, rather than feel frightened out of my senses, lest I should not give away enough out of a great deal.'

"How can you have conceived a situation for yourself so completely unlady-like," said Mary, "such very *mauvais ton*."

‘ My dear young lady,’ said the old gentleman, ‘ you are not fairly come out, as they call it in modern language, and therefore have seen little of the world, or you would have perceived that domestic economy is not so very *mauvais ton* as you think it. On the contrary, you are likely, much more likely, to hear of it amongst people of rank, than amongst the *nouveaux riches*, like myself, who are always *mauvais ton*. Your sister, who has conjured up a ludicrous picture in the minds of her other hearers, by the idea of her bustling up and down with her hands in her pockets, has recalled to my mind all the loves of my early youth; and I thought, as I looked at her, that since those days I had seen nothing half so handsome.’

Mary, who hated to hear of any body’s beauty but her own, was not in a humour to reply. Without perceiving the displeasure he had excited, he continued, “ those who rise in the fashionable world by riches, by their utmost efforts can only attain to living in the society in which people of rank are born; and

as the minds of these latter are not entirely occupied by keeping an assumed station by the weight of their purse, as well as by their close adherence to the modes of fashionable life, they have less objection to betraying when it becomes comparatively lighter; and as expenses have increased, and taxes become inconvenient, sensible management is rather talked of in high life, as shewing cleverness."

'I can easily believe that is the case at present,' said Ellen; 'as I remember when I was at Bath, that one night I overheard a Dowager Duchess talking to a lady of equal rank of different modes of saving in feeding her household, till I could have fancied them two widows of Sereptha, the one boasting of the duration of her cruse of oil and her barrel of meal, while the other looked as if she was secretly wishing that she too might be so fortunate as to meet with the prophet Elisha.'

## CHAPTER XX.

**T**HOUGH the course of our narrative obliges us to paint some scenes in the lives of our dramatis personæ, after marriage, as well as before; we are sensible the interest must cease where it has been the custom, time immemorial, for the curtain to drop; and therefore suppose it will not be disagreeable to our readers to follow once more in the track of Cupid and Hymen.

Lord Bredwell had continued his courtship of Miss Walwyn with unabating civility and mildness, till within a week of the time appointed for their marriage; but with a look of increased melancholy, and a decline of health,

that excited the strongest degree of pity in all who saw him.

His near connexion with the family of Walwin made Mr. Sterling a frequent witness of the misery of both Lady Bredwell and her son. Having lived much abroad had made him aware of the kind of scrapes that young men (particularly of weak understanding) are liable to be drawn into by foreigners; and he determined to endeavour to obtain the confidence of this unfortunate young man, with the good-natured hope that he might be of use to him. This plan was no sooner formed, than accident hastened the execution of it. A large party of the family connexions having assembled a week previous to the intended marriage, Lady Bredwell was thrown into the greatest state of alarm, by seeing her son, with evident horror and fright depicted in his countenance, start from his seat and leave the room, just as a figure of gigantic height passed before a window of the saloon, which was by accident open. She saw him immediately join the stranger, and appeared to hurry him down one of the

walks. Mr. Sterling, who saw the whole transaction, followed Lady Bredwell immediately out of the room, saying, “ you seem alarmed; have I your permission to follow your son, and endeavour to find out what is the cause of his being so unseasonably intruded on.”

‘ Follow him, for GOD’s sake!’ was all she could utter, as she sank into a chair in the hall.

Mr. Sterling immediately followed in the direction he had seen taken by Lord Bredwell and the stranger. When he arrived at a Grecian temple, with which the walk terminated, he stopped for a moment to observe them, as they seemed in earnest conversation. The moon shone with unusual splendour, through the pillars of the temple, on the ghastly face of Lord Bredwell; while the shade cast by one of them increased the contrast between the pallid hue of fear and imbecillity in his countenance, and the dark colouring and expression of his companion, who had something infernal in a face that might once have served as a model of perfect beauty.



With a look of the most ineffable contempt, he said in Italian to Lord Bredwell, (at the same time laying a pistol on the table,) “ I am not to be imposed on. This bond is imperfect, according to your laws. If you die before you come into possession of your wife’s fortune, I should not be able to recover this sum from your executors. I have therefore had another bond draw up, under the direction of one of your legal men. It must be signed this night, or take the consequence. I am willing to believe that you did not mean to wrong me; but if you hesitate, I shall be of another opinion;” and he drew the pistol closer to him, as he took from his pocket a parchment, to which he desired his affrighted companion to affix his name; and then adjusted a light which he had brought with him. Lord Bredwell took up the pen, but his hand shook with such violence, that it was impossible he should write. “ You shall wait here till your nerves are more settled; for signed this paper must be, before we part.”

Lord Bredwell threw himself back in his chair, and looked so like the image of death, that his companion began to fear that the grim tyrant might snatch his victim from him, before he had accomplished his purpose.

“There,” said he, putting the pistol farther from him, “you need not fear violence: I am no murderer, though I will be no man’s dupe. Summon up courage, if you can, to write your name; and your person shall be safe.”

At this moment Mr. Sterling darting from behind a pillar, which had hitherto concealed him, seized on the pistol, and pointing it at the stranger, (at the same time that he took him by the collar,) said, “if you make the least resistance, the contents of this pistol shall be instantly lodged in your head. Rouse yourself, Lord Bredwell; go immediately to the house, and bring assistance to secure”—

“Oh! it is a debt of honour I owe him,” interrupted Lord Bredwell, gasping for breath, ‘let me sign the bond, and implore your secrecy.’

“Excuse me,” replied Mr. Sterling, “I never knew any affair of honour that demanded being settled between an armed and unarmed person. From what I have overheard, you have lost a large sum at play; if it can be proved that it was fairly won, I am the last man in the world to advise you to sully your character by any deviation from the laws of honour. Will the circumstances under which you won this sum, bear to be enquired into?” said he, addressing himself to his prisoner.

‘I am unused to be asked such questions,’ said the stranger haughtily, ‘and shall not answer them. Let go your hold, and I shall leave that contemptible wretch to the scorn he merits.’

“Oh! do not release him,” exclaimed Lord Brestwell, in the greatest agitation, “till I have signed the bond; if you do, he will revenge himself on one who is dearer to me than life. I will promise to pay the money, which indeed was fairly won, if he will but engage to respect the life of the Princess of \*\*\*\*, whose love for me he cannot forgive.”

“Paltry wretch!” said the stranger, “do you think of entering into competition with me?”

Some of the servants whom Lady Bredwell had sent to aid Mr. Sterling in his search for her son, appearing at that moment, he let go his hold, and said, “Walk quietly with me to the house, and I shall not expose you; but make the smallest attempt at escape, and you are a dead man.” Then addressing himself to Lord Bredwell, “Go to the house, my Lord, and account to your Mother (whom I left in great alarm) for your absence. You may depend on my secrecy till I sift this matter thoroughly.”

As he said this, he put in his pocket the papers which lay on the table; and after having taken every precaution to prevent a possibility of his prisoner’s escape, he returned to the party in the saloon, who had not noticed the absence of Lord Bredwell as any thing unusual.

In a few words of secret conference with Lady Bredwell, he advised that no notice should be taken of the appearance of the

stranger, or the alarm which it had caused; and promised that he would remain in the house that night, and see what could be done to discover by what means the stranger had obtained a right of intruding on her son.

## CHAPTER XXI.

**I**N order to make the reader acquainted with the real cause of the dejection of Lord Bredwell, and to account for the appearance of the stranger in the last chapter, we must relate the occurrences which took place on his departure from England. His voyage had been accompanied with every circumstance of disgust that could be increased by sickness, solitude, and rough weather. He had hired the accommodation which a large merchant-man could afford, because he had been told that he should be more perfectly master of it, than if he was to go in a man of war ; to which he

had taken a dislike, from hearing that he should be put to great inconvenience whenever they cleared for action, which they frequently did, even in the night.

He had given orders that no expense should be spared, and that every thing should be done to make his apartments as comfortable as possible; but how different from land comforts they proved to be, it is hardly necessary to say. The first night's boisterous weather in the Bay of Biscay made him rejoice that he had the ship to himself; and he sent for the Captain, and desired him to put back for the first port he could make in England. The Captain said he was bound for Palermo, and could not quit convoy. Lord Bredwell reasoned in too commanding a tone, and the Captain drew the door after him with a violence that ill suited the nerves of this wretched Nobleman; who, for the first time in his life, had suffered a peremptory contradiction to his wishes.

To those who have been accustomed to the real evils and disappointments of life, this may appear a trifle; to Lord Bredwell it was quite

overwhelming. *La dure loi de la nécessité* to which all must submit at times, no where appears to govern with such an iron sceptre as at sea; and, for the rest of the voyage, he found, that what he thought having a ship to himself was only being condemned to the solitude, as well as the confinement, of a prison. He was obliged to submit to every inconvenience, without even the pleasure of complaint, except at meal times, as Dr. Blount being a man of strong nerves, and not at all affected by the nausea which increased his pupil's sufferings, thought there was nothing of which to complain; and, in a cabin apart from his Lordship, studied as hard as if he thought himself not yet worthy of the classic ground he was going to tread, and was in ardent preparation for it, by reading and deep study.

His pupil, when he went on deck, *pour promener ses ennuis*, looked around on the dreary waste of waters by which he was surrounded with horror; and thought of the comforts of his own home, and the delight of Mary's society, till the tears started into



his eyes, and he felt more miserably, like an absent lover, than he had ever done before. It is in such cases “that distance lends enchantment to the view,” and he made many vows, as he contemplated it, that if he was once so blessed to be in Miss Walwyn’s company again, and surrounded with all his usual comforts, that he never would quit England again for all the improvement that travel could afford. Of the pleasure to be derived from it he had already begun to suspect the fallacy.

Hope is the natural inmate of a youthful breast ; and though none of Lord Bredwell’s feelings were lively, yet still a very favourable wind, and the cheerfulness of the sun on a fine day, which no where appears in greater splendour than in the Mediterranean, used sometimes to exhilarate him, so as to make him entertain a hope for a happy termination to his sufferings ; but such exhilaration was frequently quelled by a gun being fired by the convoy for his ship to lie to, or to slacken sail, (it being the fastest sailer,) on which he used to

retire in despondency to his cabin, and consider himself as the most wretched of beings.

However, "time, and the hour runs through the roughest day," and after sickness, fright, mortification, and perpetual ennui, the ship anchored at Palermo; when, with the rest of the convoy, it was put in quarantine, and he found all remonstrance vain against its iron laws. On this account Dr. Blount was more to be pitied than his pupil; but found in employment the only remedy of which the present evil admitted. Of *la dure loi de la nécessité*, he had hardly felt the chains while on board. The movement of the ship had rendered his sleep sound in the roughest weather. The sea air had increased a naturally great appetite, till he swallowed his meals, whether good or bad, with the haste and facility of the stone-eater at Merlin's; and hardly granted more than an apparently civil attention to the complaints of his pupil, who declared that every thing was execrable that came to the table. He felt, though he retrained from boasting of it, that he never, since he

became an inmate in a nobleman's family, had had such an interval of study, uninterrupted by what he thought the nonsense of fashionable life. When at last they were permitted to land, Lord Bredwell became disgusted beyond measure at the inconvenience and dirt of a foreign country; which, with his dislike to the sea, completely cured him of all his predilection for Athenian taste; and so far from wishing to accompany his tutor in his visit to the Grecian isles, he requested him to visit them alone.

Dr. Blount, as a conscientious man, would not have accepted his dismissal, if he could have been of the least use; but he saw he had no influence to keep his pupil from dangers, of the extent of which his want of knowledge of the world kept him in almost as great ignorance as his pupil was kept by want of sense, or quickness of perception.

At first, Lord Bredwell spent all his time in lamentations at the want of English comforts; at length, from that vacancy of mind, which makes passion a relief, he fell in love, and gave Mary a rival in an elderly Italian

Prineess, at whose house he met with all the dissipated youth of the Court, and all his own countrymen who were not proof against the fascination of high play and licentious pleasures. No particular attention paid to him in a place where there were people of his own country of equal rank with himself, whose talents, or whose knowledge of the world, made them more agrceable in society, fretted at missing the thousand little nameless observances shewn him by his mother's company, which had given him from his birth a pleasing consciousness of consequence, he would have fallen into a state of total apathy and discouragement, if he had not fallen in love.

The Princess of \*\*\*\*\* had been a celebrated beauty, of which she had sufficient remains to enable her to look very brilliant at candlelight, and very soft and interesting when she received her youthful lover on a morning, by that sober light called by the French *demi jour*, and which is so peculiarly favourable to charms, on which time has begun to lay his unwary finger.

At first sight nothing can appear so unnatural, as that a strong attachment should be formed by a young man for a woman old enough to be his mother. But, on consideration, when it is recollected how soon the natural pleasures of life are exhausted by the sons of luxury in the present age, it does not appear extraordinary that something more should be necessary even to excite love than the common attractions, which, in more primitive times, used to make a man form an attachment for a girl of his own age. While the first youth lasts, the most coquetish woman trusts too much to her natural charms, from a consciousness of their attraction; whereas, a woman of middle age, who is determined that time shall not drive her from the court of Cupid, exerts, and knows how to exert, almost magic arts to make herself absolutely necessary to relieve the vacuity that life would present, without these arts, to a young man, who has tasted of every indulgence that life can afford, before he has hardly stepped over the boundary which

divides childhood from adolescence. If Lord Bredwell had been disinclined to listen to the soft voice of this matured syren, he had no other choice of occupation. Once attracted by her, she well knew how to take possession of his mind ; and Mary's youthful charms and pretty little elegancies were remembered only to lose by the comparison with that endless variety, by which the Princess had been accustomed to charm her votaries to destruction.

On their first acquaintance, or rather on the first feeling of confidence inspired by the seeming partiality of the Princess, he had disclosed his English love tale, to which she seemed to listen with wonderful interest ; but as she found her own power increase, she used to say, " Do not talk to me any more of the pretty feet, white hands, or delicate features of your mistress : I want you to come to some of her greater qualifications ; I want to hear something which would make her a suitable match ; I want to hear of dignity fit for the rank your wife should adorn," (and she threw into a most commanding figure additional

majesty.) “ I want to hear of the lustre of her beauty,” (and new fires seemed to light up the most brilliant eyes in the world;) “ I want to hear of her capacious mind ; in short, I want to hear of talents, such as are worthy of captivating Lord Bredwell ; and he still talks to me of an insipid baby.”

The baby was soon as completely lost in her lover’s recollection, as she was banished from these conversations ; which had soon sufficient charms to fascinate the young Lord, without the aid of former recollections to give them interest.

We have already mentioned, that Lord Bredwell had fallen in love, because his mind was totally unoccupied. The lady, on the contrary, feigned a passion which she did not feel, because she had much to do, before she could hope to reap from his folly and inexperience the rich harvest which she had promised herself.

Seeing that he had not a natural taste for gaming, or that it had never been awakened, she knew that it would be impossible to make

him play to any extent, till she was certain that she had gained the influence of passion. For this purpose she examined into his character with the keenest inspection, and finding him weak and vain, and much disheartened at not feeling himself of as great consequence as he had been accustomed to be in England, she flattered him in every way that was most gratifying to his vanity, till she became absolutely necessary to his happiness. When she found that he was ripe for her purpose, she began by warning him against the seduction of play; pointed out those of his own countrymen who had been ruined, both in character and fortune, by it; and extorted a promise, (which she seemed to urge from feelings of the strongest interest,) that he would never venture to play with any one but herself; and even not with her, till he had studied the calculation of chances at different games, for which, she told him, *his* head was admirably calculated.

When he had done so, she promised that she would play with him constantly when they



were in company ; as there was nothing that she liked so much as playing for small stakes, just enough to interest, but never enough to inconvenience, a person that she loved ; and then laughed, and hid her face, and said how odd *that* must sound to a formal English ear ; but Italians always were proud even of the violence of their attachment, particularly where the object gave them reason to glory in their choice. Lord Bredwell felt as if he never had been valued according to his merits in his life before ; appeared to study intensely the calculation of chances, but, in fact, thought only of the Princess. When completely enthralled, she began to play with him for trifles ; then apparently vexed at his losing, played double or quits, threw down the dice in vexation, and said she always won when she did not wish it ; then apologized to him for supposing that so *rich an English Lord* could feel any pecuniary inconvenience from such trifling losses. “ But when I play with you,” she added, “ there is a softness in your voice, and a fire in your eye, that makes me quite forget that I

am not playing with one of our own fallen princes, who would be ruined by what you could not feel an inconvenience.”

As we are not going to draw a picture of Italian manners, we shall only relate the consequences of all this flattery, which the reader will have already guessed, had pretty much the same effect on Lord Bredwell, that the fox's praises had on the raven, when the cheese fell from his beak. Before he left Sicily he had given his bond for £200,000 to an Italian friend of the Princess's, in whose eyes he perceived all the fire, but none of the softness, which the Princess had imputed to his Lordship's. The circumstances under which so enormous a sum had been lost were as follow.

While Lord Bredwell imagined himself the sole object of his Mistress's love, this Italian governed her with the most despotic sway. Where love had once ruled over passion the most unbounded, a sort of abject fear had taken its place on the part of the Princess; and the fetters of love, which he had talked of more than he had ever felt them, had long

been thrown aside by the haughty Italian. Love of play was now the predominant passion of both; and what was won by the Princess, from slaves to her charms, and novices in the art, (at which she was a proficient,) was generally lost by her former lover, now her tyrant; and the storms of passion which followed any want of success on her part, made her no way scrupulous in the means which she took to supply the sums he required. He had watched her so closely, since her connexion with the young Englishman, that no compunctious feelings of remorse on her part could have saved him from the ruin that impended.

One night that Lord Bredwell was intoxicated with love, and the wine with which the Italian had plied him during supper, he was asked by him, on his sitting down to play with the Princess, how their play debts stood.

“ They are so complicated,” said the half stupified Lord, “ that I never can make them out. We have each had such unequal fortune, and have played so often, that I don’t believe the balance can be much on either side.

We set down every night what is lost or won.”

‘Come then,’ said the Italian, ‘I will be your accountant, let me settle it.’

The two accounts, which the Princess had taken care should never be seen together by her easy dupe, she now gave into his hands with feigned reluctance.

“The balance is nearly a hundred thousand pounds in your favour, Princess,” said he, after some time. “I never saw so complicated an account. Play debts should always be paid the moment they are incurred, and it would prevent such accumulation.” Saying this he left the room ; and the Princess, throwing her arms round Lord Bredwell, with all the blandishments of love, said that she would sooner die a thousand deaths than take such a sum from one whom she loved better than life ; that she had only kept the account to shew him how destructive a passion he was indulging ; that if she had had an idea of ever being obliged to receive payment at his hands, that she would not have let him remain in ignorance of the enormity of his losses ; that the excess of her

passion had made her feel that their interests were the same, and that she should have been glad if the sum had been ten times as great, that the lesson she wished to give him might be the more impressive. "But now," she said, while her grief appeared as if it threatened her existence, "that vile wretch has me completely in his power, and may plunge a stiletto in my breast, if I refuse to repay him out of your coffers a sum I have long been in his debt, and to the non-payment of which he alluded on leaving the room."

Lord Bredwell, whose natural timidity and nervousness was increased by the intoxicating ingredients mixed in the wine he had drunk, proposed, in the greatest alarm, that he should give his bond for the money, which his being now of age would make good, as he would part with his whole fortune sooner than that she should be subject to the insults of that vile wretch.

"Oh, what can I ever do to reward such disinterested love! A thought has struck me," said she, suddenly starting. "Let us pretend

to have agreed to play double or quits, and I will contrive," she continued in a low voice, and looking around, as if fearful of being overheard, "that you shall win, which you will be certain of doing, if you throw with these dice; and then I will contrive to elude the vigilance of that demon, and accompany the only man on earth who is worthy of my love, to England."

The last part of this declaration was so delightful to Lord Bredwell, that it completely blinded him to the trap which had been laid for him. The Italian entered. The Princess said gaily, while regarding her dupe with looks, which he thought no one but himself understood, "we are going to play double or quits."

'The stake is enormous,' said he; 'enough to agitate stronger nerves than you either of you seem to possess. Take care that you have got proper dice. Shew me those you have in your box, my Lord. What intolerable levity and carelessness!' he exclaimed, 'if it is nothing worse. You given your opponent the loaded dice, which I detected the other night with

English sharpers, who were going to take in some of my countrymen ;’ saying this, he threw them in the fire, darting looks, that almost annihilated the trembling lover, at the Princess ; and remarked, ‘ that once a love of play took possession of a woman, it destroyed every principle of honour : that whether she had hitherto played honourably with her favourite, seemed to him to be very doubtful ; but that he was determined that now at least he should have a fair chance of recovering his money :’ and in a voice, and with a look that left the intimidated Lord no choice, he desired him to place himself at the table, while he saw (as he pretended) that there was no unfair advantage taken by the lady. The dice which he put into their hands secured success to the Princess, who, when she saw that she had won, pretended to fall down in a swoon.

“ She must be in love with you,” said the Italian, with a look, such as Lord Bredwell had never witnessed ; but in which a more acute observer might have perceived a mixture of the most infernal expression of satisfaction,

“ although she is bound to me by the most solemn ties. Sign this bond instantly for the money, all of which this accursed woman owes me; and then in the morning I expect that you will give that satisfaction to my injured honour, which I have a right to demand.’

Lord Bredwell, with a trembling hand, signed a bond for the sum already mentioned; and as the Italian left the room, he threw himself by the side of the swooning Princess, who, as she affected gradually to recover herself, looked round the room with seeming fright, and asked whether they were alone. As soon as she was satisfied on this point, she whispered, “ Escape, or you are undone; my much-injured love, escape this very night to some of the ships in the bay, or we neither of us shall ever see the morning’s dawn. You will be assassinated on your way home, and I am determined never to survive you. This wretch, in whose power I am, has for some days taxed me with a love I have tried unsuccessfully to conceal. This unfortunate swoon of mine will confirm



his suspicions; and you cannot be ignorant of what Italian jealousy is capable.”

Her terrified auditor thought he already felt the stiletto in his back; and though he had risked his fortune at play, to please his mistress, he felt most powerfully that he could not wish to risk his life. With all the apparent precaution of real love, she had him conveyed by a private door, leading out of her garden to the beach, where she had sent to desire his servant would meet him with his luggage, from whence he went on board a vessel which was to sail for Minorca at break of day.

## CHAPTER XXII.

**T**HE stupor into which the mixed wine which he had drank threw Lord Bredwell, prevented his being sensible when the ship got under weigh. His awakening from a deep sleep of many hours, was accompanied with the most lively feelings of regret, at the recollection of the sum which he had lost; and the bitterest pangs, at having left a woman capable of such heroic love as the faithful Princess, who had imparted the only comfort she had in her power, by swearing by that love which she should ever hold sacred, that the moment her enraged persecutor had received money for the bond, that she would elude his vigilance, and

follow the only man worthy of her love to England.

A small ship, ill supplied, and worse constructed, wanted nothing, in Lord Bredwell's opinion, to convert it into a dungeon of the worst description; but he soon learnt that even this evil admitted of an aggravation, which he found in the presence of the Italian, whom he recognised, though muffled up in such a manner as to shew that he meant to be in disguise.

His fears were increased on speaking to his valet on the subject of the strange figure which he had seen on deck, by his saying he was certain that it was no other than the Signor they had seen so often at the Princess's; and that he could be there for no good, as he went by a feigned name; and though he appeared only a passenger, and did not even occupy the best cabin, that the ship had been hired by him entirely for his own accommodation, a week before they left Palermo, on the condition of being ready to sail at a moment's warning.

This would have suggested the idea of a plot to a more experienced mind than Lord

Bredwell's; but he could not for a moment doubt what had all appeared to occur so naturally; and if fears for his own life had not completely occupied every feeling of his soul, he would have experienced some relief at knowing that his adoring mistress was in no immediate danger from his much-dreaded rival. He arrived at Minorca without feeling any bad effects (except to his nerves) from the Italian's presence. He was certain that he should get rid of him the moment he went on board an English ship; and confining himself to his room during the time he waited for its sailing, he got down in safety to embark.

Several days were spent in comparative ease of mind, as he was certain he had left his enemy behind; but fear quickened his perceptions, and he at last recognized the Italian in a new disguise. His face became so blanched from fear, that the Italian perceived he had made the discovery, and going up to him, said in a low voice, while touching the bond, which he held in his hand, "I accompany you to England for payment of this bond. If it be

paid without hesitation, you have nothing to fear; if not, you must prepare for the worst; though your leaden imagination cannot form an idea how dreadful will be your fate. And remember that I have already warned you that your communicating the circumstances in which we stand to a third person, will only accelerate your destruction. I shall not now tread your shores for the first time. I know your boasted laws, and will evade them."

Lord Bredwell, in some measure comforted that personal safety could be purchased at any price, became more calm, and passed the rest of the voyage in considering in what way he could satisfy the rapacious Italian, at the same time that he concealed from his mother and the rest of the world that he had incurred so heavy a pecuniary loss; and determined in his own mind that an immediate marriage with Miss Walwyn was his only resource, as he knew that his minority had not paid off the debts, with which the late Lord had encumbered the family property.

To marry one woman, when his heart was completely devoted to the wildest passion for another, was too great an effort for a mind naturally weak, and now enfeebled by the dreadful fears he had endured for his own personal safety; but those very fears urged him on, and with all the trepidation of a child in the dark, he proposed marriage to Miss Walwyn, as has been already mentioned, on the first interview.

Once having gone through the necessary forms of asking, and being accepted of, he lost no time in informing the Italian by letter that at the end of three months he should be paid.

He received in return a note, appointing a meeting at a temple in the grounds, at some little distance from the house, at a particular hour; and concluded with saying, "you have judged well not to delay, where the consequence would be fatal to your life."

The receipt of this note, and the necessity of keeping this appointment, had been the cause of the agitation on the day of the concert, which had so much alarmed Lady Bredwell.

Her son's objections to that species of entertainment had arisen from his dread of being detained by any part of the performance, from being punctual to the appointment of his dreaded persecutor. His request that Miss Walwyn should not play or sing, made with such earnestness, arose, as well from the fear that it might interfere more than any other part of the performance with his punctuality, as from a dread of the well-known notes of the harp, on which the Princess played with almost magical powers, recalling, too strongly to admit of concealment, her much loved form, contrasted with one to whom he was going to swear eternal love, with as much repugnance as if she had been a perfect Gorgon.

He had quietly stolen down a private staircase at the appointed hour, at the moment that the intoxicated servant had imagined he saw him run with the velocity of a hare, and that the circumstance of his being without a hat, had suggested to him that the moon and a sweetheart must both have their influence.

The interview had been of short duration. The Italian said he had only appointed a meeting, to enquire into the means by which payment was ensured; and with a look which excited all the terror which it was intended to inspire, declared that he should never lose sight of him till the day after his marriage, when he should return at the same hour, and to the same spot.

The extreme terror with which this threat inspired Lord Bredwell, prevented his ever feeling as if he was one moment from under the piercing eye of his dreaded enemy; and every minute that was not spent in preparation for the intended union, (which could alone put him out of his power,) he expected that he would appear, and threaten his existence anew.

Lady Bredwell, who was passionately attached to her son, had contemplated the ruin of his health with the utmost dismay. Certain that he had no attachment to Miss Walwyn, she had urged him frequently to confide in her, and impart the real cause of his unhappiness, and she would endeavour to help to



put off the match. But he seemed so terror-struck at the proposal, that she was obliged to remain a silent spectator of the sacrifice, which seemed as if it would cost him his life ; and imputed his conduct to derangement of mind, brought on by bodily complaint.

Mary, though determined to be a Countess, felt terrified and wretched. Her mother did not attempt to persuade her to give up, or even delay, the marriage. She thought she saw in her intended son-in-law's emaciated form and lost spirits a sure forerunner of death ; and, in the idea of her daughter being a widowed Countess with a large jointure, she found a prospect of ample gratification for both her avarice and vanity. Emma felt the most sincere compassion both for her sister, and her apparently dying lover : While Ellen said, " she had lost all the pleasure she had promised herself at his return ; that she wanted to rally him on not having visited Scipio's tomb, but was ashamed to rally a man about the tomb of another, who looked as if he was just stepping into his own."

Such had been the situation of affairs, when the Italian passed the window on the night in which he had been made a prisoner by Mr. Sterling. He had written a *noté* in the morning to inform his victim of his intentions, but by a mistake it had not been delivered; and he strolled up to the house, with an intention of giving another to some of the servants, when his dreaded figure struck Lord Bredwell's eye.

Mr. Sterling, on retiring to his dressing-room, drew out the bond from his pocket, whilst waiting the arrival of Lord Bredwell, to whom he had promised an interview, after the family had retired to rest. On opening it, he found a letter that seemed to have got between the folds of the parchment by accident; it was written in the Italian language, and in a female hand, directed to Minorca, and alluded to circumstances, of which Mr. Sterling was ignorant; but could clearly make out that it had reference to Lord Bredwell, as weakness of understanding, cowardice, and love, rendered him the most promising dupe the writer had ever met with.

When he entered the room he was in agitation, for which Mr. Sterling felt the most sincere compassion. He threw himself on the ground before him, and implored that by secrecy he would save him from utter ruin. He confessed his love for an Italian Princess, but that an immense sum of money lost at play obliged him to marry Miss Walwyn to satisfy a debt of honour.

“ I shall begin to think,” said Mr. Sterling, “ that either my ideas of honour differ from other people’s, or that every one gives it the explanation that best suits their own purpose. I find you in company with an armed man, who pretends to settle an affair of honour with a pistol at your head; and now you tell me that you are in honour bound to marry a beautiful girl with a large fortune, without the least love for her. If honour lead us to such actions, I confess I have hitherto been quite mistaken in my view of it; for I should have made no scruple of giving upon oath, in any court in Christendom, that honour forbade my holding a pistol to any unarmed man’s

head, to enforce his signing a paper by which I was to benefit; and still more imperiously restrained me from robbing a woman of her fortune, with no other view than to pay my own debts. I can readily understand a man mortgaging and selling to the last acre of his own property, to enable him to pay a debt of honour; but that he should attempt to avail himself, under any pretence, of the fortune of a woman for that purpose, is quite beyond my comprehension."

Lord Bredwell looked much ashamed, and said, (without Mr. Sterling giving implicit credit to the declaration,) 'that if it was only his own life that was at stake, he should not mind it; but that the Princess was dearer to him than life, and loved him with the most heroic constancy.'

"What proofs have you had of her love being disinterested, independent of the sums which you now tell me she won from you, and never meant should be paid?"

Lord Bredwell looked confused, and said, 'a thousand.'

“Humph!” said Mr. Sterling: “then you certainly owe her great consideration. Do you know her hand-writing?” giving him the letter which he had found with the bond. Lord Bredwell could not refrain from pressing it to his lips, and taking it for granted that it must be to himself, read as follows:

“An opportunity occurring of forwarding a letter to you, I cannot refrain from making it a means of conveying to you my earnest wishes for your success; and return to one, who, I need not remind you, would willingly run the risk of life to please you.” Here Lord Bredwell burst into tears, quite overcome at the idea of such love, as he assured Mr. Sterling never had been equalled. He then continued to read as follows: “I wanted too to tell you, that from what I saw of the childish fears of assassination in a certain young Lord, on the night of his and your departure from Sicily, I should suppose it to be the best engine you can make use of to procure the sum you want, the magnitude of which would alone render it difficult to obtain with the prompt-

titude you require, and which is so desirable. Keep the idea of the stiletto always in his mind, and you may do what you please with him. He is quite fool enough to believe that you can always keep your eye on him, the lightning of which at any time is fully equal to annihilating such a paltry wretch. If you suspect him of intending to trust a third person with the nature of the transactions between you, threaten my life, and remind him of my *very great love*. He can believe any thing, when he believes that."

The letter fell from Lord Bredwell's hand; and Mr. Sterling, from compassion to his feelings, pretended to be busily occupied reading the bond, till he gave him time to recover himself. He then said, "You are not the first man, my Lord, who has been duped by a woman; but few pay so largely for their experience, if you must indeed pay this sum."

Lord Bredwell, entirely occupied with the idea of the loss of such ardent love as the Princess had professed for him, had no thought as yet to bestow on the pecuniary part of his

losses ; at last, after puzzling himself with the idea that there might be some imposture in the letter, and assuring Mr. Sterling, that to the last moment she had assured him of her never-dying love, and that she was even determined not to outlive him, he was obliged to admit the painful idea that he had been duped and laughed at by his adored Princess.

On entering into a full detail of the circumstances under which the money had been lost, and the bond given, Mr. Sterling said he feared there was no possibility of evading the payment, though in his own mind he was convinced it had been won unfairly ; but that for the present he would avail himself of the Alien Act to send the Italian out of the country, telling him that, as the first bond was imperfect, that he had no chance of ever recovering the money ; and for the Lady, added he, I shall say that she must depend on your honour in paying it as a play-debt. He then advised Lord Bredwell to retire, and take that repose of which he stood so much in need ; and when they met in the morning, they would

concert together what had best be done. When they did meet, Mr. Sterling declared that it was impossible for him to agree to the marriage taking place, without the lady being acquainted with all the circumstances under which it would be solemnized. “ I am obliged in honour,” said Lord Bredwell, “ to marry her, things have gone so far.” ‘ Let us dismiss the word *honour* in our conference, since we are not agreed as to its signification, and substitute the word *honesty* in its stead. You do not like to mortgage your own estates to pay this sum, but you would have no objection to avail yourself of the property of another under false pretences.’ “ How can you suppose that I would be guilty of obtaining money under false pretences?” said Lord Bredwell, with more spirit than Mr. Sterling expected. ‘ Why it sounds, I own, more like an Old-Bailey offence than we could either of us wish. But let me hear your explanation of what you are going to do, and perhaps I shall think the term inapplicable.’ Lord Bredwell was silent. ‘ Let me state the case,’ he continued, ‘ and you



shall set me right, if I go wrong. When a man proposes for a woman, she supposes him in love with her, and, in exchange for that love, is willing to place her own happiness, and, in this case, a large fortune, at his disposal. If the man is not in love, yet still takes possession of the fortune, I should say he obtained it under a false pretence. Can you interpret it otherwise?" Lord Bredwell confessed he had never looked upon it in that light. He had frequently heard his mother say, that she was sure Miss Walwyn's heart must be greatly set on being a Countess. "Then let her, in Heaven's name, my Lord, be made so by an honest Earl. Tell her the conditions on which she may be made such, as your wife; and I shall be content to witness the union." "But then, if she hears how it really is, she will never marry me." "Now you have come round to my interpretation of the matter. If she will not marry, if she know the truth, her fortune can only be obtained under a false pretence." "But she must not be told of my love for the Princess." "False pretence again," said Mr.

Sterling. ‘ I can have nothing to do in the business, unless old-fashioned honesty is to be the ruling principle in the whole transaction. Let me speak to her; and if I find, that, either from love or ambition, she is willing to take you on your own terms, I shall then consider that she has been treated with the candour and fairness that, as a brother-in-law, I have a right to demand for her.’

Mary, when she had heard all that Mr. Sterling had to say, pouted, and seemed to think that she had been very ill-treated; but never hinted at a wish to give up the match entirely. On the contrary, she begged that her mother might not hear any thing of it, as her love of money was so great, that she would torment her to break off the marriage. This hint was quite sufficient to let her brother-in-law know what her conduct would finally be; and he accordingly told Lord Bredwell, that, without having recourse to any false pretence whatever, he might sue for pardon, and obtain it.

FINIS.

## CORRIGENDA, Vol. II.

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- page 199, line 2. For "*an as expensive*," read "*as an expensive*."
- 210,     6. For "*hear he is still abroad*," read "*she must hear of him as being still abroad*."
- 214,     2. For "*used to India*," read "*used to in India*."
- 215,     22. For "*enforces*," read "*induces silence*."
- 236,     5. For "*instrumental in*," read "*instrumental to*."
- 238,     5. For "*the vicious in*," read "*the vicious from*."
- 263,     15. For "*in a disposition*," read "*of a disposition*."
- 298,     6. For "*content*," read "*contrive*."
23. For "*you given*," read "*you have given*."



## ERRATUM.

VOL. I. Page 351, l. 3.—For “ *it should have been Glanis,*” read “ *it should have been the time mentioned by Glanis.*”

## ERRATA.

VOL. II. Page 269, l. 1b.—For ‘ *much grandeur,*’ read ‘ *much grandeur.*’  
273, l. 1b.—For “ *Nereptha,*” read “ *Zarephath.*”  
273, l. 23.—For “ *Elisha,*” read “ *Elijah.*”

















# *Errors and their Consequences;*

OR,

## MEMOIRS

OF AN

## ENGLISH FAMILY.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

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" Perhaps the best argument which can be adduced in favour of  
" Novels is, the knowledge of the world which they insensibly im-  
" part to those whose youth, retired life, or want of quickness of  
" observation, may prevent their perceiving, of themselves, the wide  
" difference there is between what is real worth and virtue, and what  
" only an assumption of it—to teach them, according to the old-  
" fashioned proverb, that all is not gold which glitters. If the  
" Raven in the fable had had his observation so quickened, the  
" cheese would not have fallen from his beak."—*The Author.*

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